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THE

Royal Exile.

SHEFFIELD:
PRINTED BY J. MONTGOMERY.

THE

Royal Exile;

OR,

POETICAL EPISTLES

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

DURING HER CAPTIVITY IN ENGLAND:

WITH

Other Original Poems.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

ALSO, BY HER FATHER,

THE LIFE OF QUEEN MARY, *&c. &c.*

It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing. 1 PET. iii. 17.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LINES, INTRODUCTORY

TO

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS' LETTERS.

And art thou indeed as thou never hadst birth?
And art thou not found on the face of the earth?
And wide through the world, in my quest as I flee,
Oh, is there no relic nor vestige of thee?

On Mary I call through the mountains around,
And the wild woods in mockery respond to the sound:
In the dwellings of man I the summons proclaim,
And a scoff or a smile is return'd to the name:
Oh, *what* is that *Name*, then, unmark'd as the wind,
The sport of the woods, and the scorn of mankind?

'Tis a name that hath past like a watchword around
Where the young, or the brave, or the noble, were found,

To wrap them in visions of love and emprise,
Or bid them to daring and glory arise;
That hath summon'd the dauntless to fear and alarms,
And monarchs to variance, and nations to arms;
For the charms of whose owner the noble have sigh'd,
And the warlike have fought, and the mighty have
died;—
That owner a prey to misfortune consign'd:
And shall it unhonour'd depart from mankind?—
Oh, be it forbade by the powers that award
To sorrow and suffering the strains of the bard,
That call for his homage, in accents of flame,
To grace and to beauty, to power and to fame:
—By the tales that awake, by the dreams that inspire,
Oh, be it forbade by the "*soul of the lyre!*"

And is it not honour'd?—While scandal and scorn,
Incensed at the sound, on the false lips are borne;
In the heart's simple language, oh, will not the tear
—A tribute spontaneous—arise and appear?

And is it not honour'd?—Yon tenements hoar,*
Where dwell undisturbed the poorest of poor,

* Cottages in the ruins of the Manor House, in Sheffield Park.

Who breathe where she breathed, who tread where
she trod,
And find their abiding-place where she abode;
—Oh, doth it not there still its empire maintain,
And forbid that their presence the spot should *profane?*
—An empire enchanted,—for can they not find
Thy form in the shade and thy voice in the wind;
While pity and awe at its sound have a birth,
And terrors and wonders that seem not of earth?—

And *is* it not honour'd?—with honour more pure
Than a sceptre can yield, or a crown can secure?
For He, the Enchanter, * who holds o'er the land,
In empire unrivall'd, the rule of his wand,—
Now thrills it with horror, o'erpowering and deep,
Now calls it in pity to bend and to weep;
Now bids the light laugh through its boundaries appear;
Now wakes it to rapture, now shakes it with fear;
As he summons the forms, by the power of his art,
That, brought by his mandate, can never depart,—
From the grave's secret chambers exhibits them rife,
With a grace and a charm, that they knew not in life;

* The Author of Waverley, &c.

—He has raised thy fair form from the realms of the dead,
With a halo of beauty surrounding thy head;
And the loves and the graces, that wait on his beck,
Have combined with their brightest arrayment to deck;
While the virtues and charms whom he governs, conspire
With their loveliest adorning that form to attire:
And the deep-clouding shadows of years that are gone,
That revolve at his call, and *his* calling alone,
Have roll'd from the scenes where for ages they lay,
A vision of magic around to display,
—Of magic and marvel;—and well may it be
Enchantment and wonder should linger with Thee;
Thee—follow'd and flatter'd, applauded and crown'd;
Thee—hated and envied, denied and disown'd;
On Thee the dark vials of vengeance were shed;
Applauses and blessings were pour'd on thy head.

Well, *rest to thine ashes!* thou beautiful one!
To a deep secret chamber thy relics are gone;
The power that was hated for ever is o'er;
The lips that have anger'd, can anger no more:
The charms that were envied for ever retire;
—Oh, with them let slander and hatred expire.

O'er *the grave* be no banners triumphantly spread,
Let the voice of reproaches disturb not *the dead:*
But, child of misfortune, the tear be thine own,
That springs from the heart where misfortune is known;
Let beauty bend low o'er a beauty more bright,
Which fate unpropitious so early could blight;
Let youth o'er thy grave heave a sigh on her way,
Who to anguish and suffering in youth wert a prey;
And the nymphs and the Naiads who flit round yon seat,
The home of thy sorrows, their favourite retreat— *
Oh, still let them linger to grace the wild scene,
And hallow the region *where* MARY *has been.*

* The Manor House in the Park.

LETTER I.

The Retrospect.

In gloom and sadness, on my soul
  The visions of the past arise;—
The records of my griefs unroll,
  In all their horror to my eyes;
While peace before the darkness flies,
  And hope's frail image melts in air,
Till beams of heavenly comfort rise
  To gild the shadows of despair.

Yes, snares and sufferings mine have been,
That human eye hath never seen;
And thou, Matilda, scarce can'st know
The woes that I have found below.

With life's first steps they bore me far
  From her who should each maze attend;

Whose watchful love, my polar star,
Had led me to my journey's end.
In youth I left her; but I still
Remember her, who once with me
Would rove o'er moorland, dale, and hill,
As gay, as fearless, and as free.
With her I trod the silent dale,
With her I sought the mountain's brow,
And watch'd, with awful wonder pale,
The foaming torrent dash below:
With her I cross'd the moorland heath;
But *now*, entomb'd my mother lies,
And the long clay-cold sleep of death
Has seal'd at last those watchful eyes;
And all unheeded are the sighs,
That here her MARY'S love proclaim;
And fruitless are the tears that rise,
A tribute sad to memory's claim;
And vainly would her orphan's cries
Invoke her by a mother's name.

In youth I left her; but I yet
Remember how around my bed,
By night, a gentle form would flit,
And tears of fond affection shed;

And I would slumber feign; for then
That beauteous form would o'er me bend,
And press the fervent kiss again,
While tears of fondest love would blend,
And anxious prayers to Heaven ascend.
Were they not heard, my Mother? Yes!
That holy prayer accepted rose;
That prayer of faith arose to bless
The pilgrim to her journey's close:
I own it,—in the chastening woes
That won me from the world's wide snare,
And bade a brighter scene disclose;—
I own, and bless, my mother's prayer.

No more thy form can o'er me bend,
No more the tears of love descend!
But still, perchance, an angel, thou
Dost watch and love thy MARY now,
And guide her through the gloom of this
To worlds of light, and life, and bliss.
And he for whom, in early youth,
They bore me from a mother's eye,
To whom I vow'd eternal truth,
My heart's wide void could ne'er supply;

And gladly from my regal home,
With youth's impetuous zeal I flew,
In scenes of gay delight to roam,
Where ceaseless pleasures met my view.
The homage of the subject train,
The flattery of the faithless throng,
Could all too well my credence gain—
My erring heart esteem'd too long.
But soon my transient reign was o'er,
My power, my pride, my glory fled;
And all their homage was no more,
When FRANCIS slumber'd with the dead.

In early youth, in morning bloom,
He sank into the silent tomb:
The herb that flourish'd at his birth
Was blooming when he slept in earth;
The short-lived bird, whose tuneful voice
Had bade his infant heart rejoice,
Has warbled forth, elate and gay,
Above his tomb its careless lay.

I bent above his early bier,
And shed my tributary tear;

And still for him, at memory's call,
The tears of artless pity fall.

* * * *

My reign of transient glory o'er,
Again I sought my native strand;
Again I trod the rocky shore
Of Caledonia's rugged land:
That land of mountains and of floods,
Amid whose wilds I loved to glide;
Along whose hills and dales and woods
I wander'd at my mother's side;
When once to me that mother's smile
Had taught the mountains to rejoice,
Where every woodland caught the while
Enchantment from her gentle voice;
Where every moorland, as we past,
Her look of love endear'd to me,
And lent a charm, more deep, more vast,
To the wild billows of the sea.
The mountains *still* aspired on high,
The woodlands waved in verdure nigh,
The glittering ocean glanced as gay,
As in my childhood's sunny day;

The dewy vales, the heath-clad moor,
Lay round me beauteous as before:
But where was *she*, whose presence near
Had made to me their beauties dear?
The silent tomb had o'er her closed;
My mother's form in earth reposed.

* * * *

Each opening charm, each manly grace,
Adorn'd that faultless form and face;
And potent as a syren's song
The soft persuasion of his tongue.

In him, to fancy's erring sight,
Shone forth each virtue pure and bright;
Wisdom and truth and courage high,
She traced within his speaking eye;
She loved upon his lofty brow
The charm of stainless truth to throw;
And bade upon his lips to dwell,
A power that words may never tell.
My people's call, my people's voice,
Approved the husband of my choice.

We wedded—with a trust as sure
As sinners in a saint repose;
A soul from every doubt secure,
I gave my hand to him I chose;—

To him, whom fancy loved to form
The rainbow beaming through the storm,
A leading star in danger's strife,
My pilot on the sea of life.
We wedded—and the veil was torn,
The dream was past that charm'd my morn,
The bubble burst on which I gazed,
The phantom fled by fancy raised;
The *perfect* Henry was no more,
But changeless was the love I bore.
Yes, he was dear; by all beside,
Was DARNLEY'S worth defaced, denied;
The fickle race, so fond erewhile,
Withdrew from him their fleeting smile;
But virtues envy could not see,
Were fondly, deeply felt by me;
For his was feeling warm and strong,
The generous pride that brook'd not wrong;
His faults——MATILDA, not to thee,
Should DARNLEY'S FAULTS be told by me;

But, ah! the memory of his crime
Shall deathless last to latest time;
His trials shall be known no more,
The memory of his virtues o'er;
But murderous guilt, a murderer's shame,
Must *ever* darken DARNLEY'S name.
It was a deed in frenzy wrought,
By after-hours of misery bought,
And less to him should shame belong,
Than to the wretch who led him wrong.

The hand to guide, the arm to aid,
By all beside bereft, betray'd,
The soul to think, the heart to feel,
I sought from RIZZIO's faithful zeal.
And his was, too, each lighter power,
Could best beguile an idle hour;
Free, gallant, gay, his lightsome eye
Would bid the shades of sorrow fly;
Or, to my heart, with woe opprest,
His dulcet strain would whisper rest;
And more than all, a Christian's claim,
Had RIZZIO to a martyr's name.

In the deep silence of the night,
Was that fell deed of murder done,
When RIZZIO's smile had charm'd my sight;
My ear by RIZZIO's voice was won.
They came—the fell, the murderous band,
Beside me did their victim stand;
They smote him as to me he clung,
Full on my ear his wild cry rung;
Soon, soon was past that deed of dread—
Unharm'd by man the murderers fled;
The last long shriek of pain and fear
Expired unheard by human ear:
But, oh! amid the stillness deep,
There woke an eye that cannot sleep;
An ear had caught that death-shriek long,
That ever hears the cry of wrong,
And when the fatal blow was sent,
Was the dread bow of vengeance bent,
For with it fell the rankling dart,
For ever fix'd in RUTHVEN's heart.

From that dread hour of murder's stain,
My HENRY never smiled again:
In vain with anxious love I tried
His helpless, hopeless soul to guide,

He shrunk in horror from my sight;
He warn'd me of the fatal night;
He ask'd me *what* should rest impart
To the dark murderer's tortured heart;
Yet still I loved to hover nigh,
To meet again my DARNLEY's eye,
To haunt his silent solitude,
Though but his passing shade I view'd;—
To hear the voice I loved so well,
Though but a distant echo fell;
And, oh! how were the moments dear,
When he could bear to see me near.
In hours and days of loneliness,
Of silent sorrow and distress,
They were the secret food of thought,
The dearest joys existence brought;
To them I loved to turn my eye,
On them to dwell,—when, suddenly,
There came a blasting o'er my lot—
A blank in life, and *he* was not.

* * * *

There was a dream that o'er my frame,
Shattering the powers of nature, came;

A dream,—I knew not then my lot,—
A dream, which yet a dream was not;
It rush'd in whirlwinds o'er my brain,
The unimaginable pain;
It pass'd, no more its pangs to give,
(What may not man endure, and live?)
But in my soul there lingers still
Sense of unutterable ill.
A dæmon form, I know not what,—
Too wild the storm of frenzy wrought,—
False, murderous, perjured, this alone
In fiery characters was shewn;
Bright through the darkness of my soul,
Too dread for madness to controul:
It needs not in *thy* ears proclaim,
That this is link'd with BOTHWELL'S name.

* * * *

Time roll'd along, and I was found
Within a prison's darksome bound:—
Time roll'd along, again was I
Restored to light and liberty;
The brave, the noble, and the free
Arose to shed their blood for me.

* * * *

Sweetly shone the rising sun
On the warrior's bright array,
Shining, ere its race was done,
On their cold and breathless clay.
Gaily with the morning's light,
From their heather couch they came,
All impetuous for the fight,
Bright their eyes with valour's flame;
Wrapt in death's unconscious gloom,
Closed are now those ardent eyes;
Never, till the day of doom,
Never shall those sleepers rise.
Loudly did the trumpet blow
As they left their lowly bed,
Only to be summon'd now
By the trump that wakes the dead.
With resistless ardour flush'd,
Forward to the flight they flew;
On the haughty foe they rush'd,
Raging, maddening at the view.
Calm that foe the onset view'd,
Numbers all their fears dispel,
And, beneath their arm subdued,
Soon my band of heroes fell.

Hush'd in slumber dark and deep,
Low in earth their ashes sleep;
Undistinguish'd and unknown,
O'er them lies no sculptured stone;
But each form that slumbers there,
Is to some fond bosom dear;
And above their humble tomb
Brightly doth the verdure bloom;
Gaily there the wild flowers spring,
And the feather'd warblers sing:
By the widow's silent tear
Is the green sod water'd there;
And the mourning orphan's sigh
Softly, sadly, murmurs nigh.

* * * *

Now again a prison's shade
Holds the Queen whom realms obey'd;
There the tumults of her breast
Cease their strife, and are at rest;
Changeless friends the place supply
Of the world's false flattery.
They, who in my pride of power
Shared my fortune's brightest hour,

Now in love unwearied dwell
With the captive in her cell.

'Tis the stillness of repose,
When the storm hath found its close;
'Tis the calm that reigns, when past
Is the fury of the blast.
Fate at my devoted head
All her winds and storms has sped;
But with faith's transpiercing eye
Can my gifted glance descry,
How a hand of mercy still
Ruled the tempest at its will;
He, who once in human form
Slept amidst the howling storm,
And, in midnight's awful reign,
Walk'd upon the pathless main,—
He, with love to me unknown,
Soothed the wild tornado's frown,
And in mercy, to the last,
Check'd the raging of the blast;—
He, with power more wondrous yet,
Bade the winds their strife forget,
And the stormy billows rest
In the sinner's troubled breast;

Till, resign'd to his command,
She can bless the chastening hand;
For the winds that spent their wrath,
Sent me to the heavenly path,
And the death-wing'd tempest's sway
Was the harbinger of day.

Pleasures now 'tis mine to know,
Which the world could ne'er bestow;
But that world of pain and ill
Has a link to bind me still;
In my heart's remotest cell
Yet my Infant's form must dwell,
And each fibre of my frame
Thrill responsive at his name.

Never shall his smile again
Charm my heart, or lull my pain,—
Never more his laughing eye
To his mother's glance reply;
But his last gay look on me
Dwells for ever on my heart,
And the smile I loved to see,
Never shall from thence depart.

May the influence which they shed,
Fall in blessings on thy head!

* * * *

Day by day, and hour by hour,
With unwearied steps I tread,
Where the dwellings of the poor
Round my keeper's mansion spread;
I have loved in them to tell
Of the hope that gladdens me;
On *his* awful name to dwell,
To whose wing the weary flee;
His, who, from the tempest's shock,
Is a refuge in distress,
And the shadow of a rock
In a land of a weariness.
I have seen the closing eye
Lit with holy ecstasy,
And the mourner's soul rejoice
At his Saviour's welcome voice:
I have led the wanderer's feet
Onward to the Mercy-seat,
And beheld him, kneeling there,
In humility of prayer:

Though on earth despised, unknown,
Yet before the' Eternal Throne,
Borne, like incense, to the skies,
Shall that prayer accepted rise.

When the lowly Son of God
In this vale of trial trod,
Shame and sorrow, pain and woe,
Were his portion here below:
Oh! no wonder can it be,
That *the poor* are dear to me.

* * * *

And at night, around my bed,
Rise the visions of the dead;
Then my father's form is nigh;
And my mother's gentle eye,
Bright with love serene and mild,
Watches still her orphan child:
There, too, he, whose joyous smile
Could my sorrows once beguile,
But whose memory wakes but now
Deep unutterable woe,

Light and gallant, gay and free,
Comes again, and smiles on me;
And again, before my eyes,
Will my DARNLEY's form arise,
Such as when, in early youth,
First to me he pledged his truth;
And when fancy loved to trace
Every virtue in his face.

First and best beloved, with thee
Still remembrance loves to be;
Far the rolling years have sped,
Since thou slumber'dst with the dead;
But with pure affection warm,
Yet my heart recalls thy form,
And, when life's last scene is near,
Thou shalt still to me be dear.
Low he lies in slumber deep,
With him let his errors sleep;
Sleep his failings! Not as man
Shall his Judge those failings scan;
He, to whose all-searching eye
Undisguised and plain they lie,
Can his trials, too, behold,
Though on earth unseen, untold.

* * * *

In the lofty turret's swelling,
Sad the midnight's breezes die;
Sweet the moon-beams smile, repelling
Slumber from my wakeful eye.
But the murmur, sad and deep,
Breaks not DARNLEY's dreamless sleep,
And the radiance of the night
Can no more his soul delight;
For that sound of fear and gloom
Murmurs o'er his nameless tomb;
Where he moulders with the dead,
Is the moon's pale lustre shed.

He is laid on earth's dark breast,—
But I soon with him shall rest:
Soon *my* form shall silent lie;
O'er me shall the breezes sigh,
And the cold moon's silver ray
On my narrow bed shall play.

* * * *

When I cast my pensive eye
Down the vale of years gone by,

Like the mazes of a dream
Do my life's wild changes seem:
Old in griefs, but young in years,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Have along my path been strown,
To the aged all unknown.

* * * *

NOTE TO LETTER I.

[*These Epistles are supposed to have been written in the years* 1571 *and* 1572. *Queen Mary was first removed to Sheffield Castle in December* 1570, *and the Duke of Norfolk was beheaded in* 1572.]

THE following extract from the History of Hallamshire, by the Rev. *Joseph Hunter*, cannot but be interesting to every reader of this work:—

"The train of the Queen of Scots when she first became an inmate of the Castle of Sheffield consisted of thirty persons, beside a few supernumeraries allowed by the kindness of the earl. They were chiefly French and Scots, as indeed their names bespeak.

My Lady Leinstoun, dame of honor to the quenes Ma'te
M'rez Leinstoun
M'rez Setoun
Maistresse Brusse
M'rez Courcelles
M'rez Kennett
My Lord Leinstoun
M're Betoun, m'r howshold
M're Leinstoun, gentilman servant
M're Castel, physition
Mr Raullet, secretaire
Bastien, page
Balthazar Huylly
James Lander
Gilbert Courll
William Douglas
Jaquece de Sanlie
Archibald Betoun
Thomas Archebald
D—— Chiffland
Guyon l'Oyselon
Andro Matreson
Estien Hauet, escuyer
Martin Huet, m're cooke
Piere Madard, potiger
Jhan de Boyes, pastilar
Mr Brusse, gentilman to my Lord Leinstoun
Nicoll Fichar, servant to my Lady Leinstoun
Jhon Dumfrys, servant to Maistresse Setoun
William Blake, servant to Maistresse Courcelles, to serve in absence of Florence

"The supernumeraries allowed by the earl were, according to the same check-roll,

Christilie Hog, Bastiene's wyff
Ellen Bog, the m'r cookes wyff
Christiane Grame, my Lady Leinstoun's gentilwoman
Jannet Lindesay, M'rez Setoun's gentilwoman
Jannette Spetelle

Robert Hamiltoun, to bear fyre and water to the Quene's cuysine
Robert Ladel, the Quenes lacquay
Gilbert Bonnar, horskeippar
Francoys, to serve M're Castel, the phesitien

"For her safe keeping the earl took into his employ forty extraordinary servants, selected from amongst his tenantry, who kept watch day and night at the castle.

"The orders for the government of the Queen's household were most strict. They are here given from the original minute in the Cotton library.

"'To the M're of the Scotts Queenes household Mr Beton.

'First—That all your people w'ch appertayneth to the Queen shall depart from the Queen's chamber or chambers to their own lodging at IX of the clock at night, winter and summer, whatsoever he or she; either to their lodging within the house or without in the towne, and there to remain till the next day at VI of the clock.

'Item—That none of the Queen's people shall at no time wear his sword neither within the house, nor when her Grace rydeth or goeth abroade; unless the Master of the Household himself to weare a sword and no more without my special licence.

'Item—That there shall none of the Queen's people carry any bow or shaftes, at no tyme, neither to the field nor to the butts, unless it be foure or fyve, and no more, being in the Queen's companye.

'Item—That none of the Queen's people shall ryde or go at no tyme abroad out of the house or towne without my special licence: and if he or they so doth, they or he shall come no more in at the gates, neither in the towne, whatsoever he or she or they be.

'Item—That you, or some of the Queen's chamber, when her Grace will walke abroad, shall advertyse the officiar of my warde who shall declare the messuage to me one houer before she goeth forth.

'Item—That none of the Queen's people, whatsoever he or they be, not once offer at no tyme to come forth of their chamber or lodging when any alarum is given by night or daie, whether they be in the Queen's chambers or in their chambers within the house, or without in the towne. And yf he or they keepe not their chambers or lodging, wheresoever that be, he or they shall stande at their perill for deathe.

'At Shefeild the 26th daie of April, 1571, per me

'SHREWSBURIE.'

"The strictness of these orders was sufficient to satisfy even the jealousy of Elizabeth. 'The Q. Ma'ty,' says Burghley (lately made a peer), 'lyketh well of all your ordres, and can be content that (if your self shall be so content) the no'bre above 30 permitted to be with that Quene by your L. shall remayne.' The precautions used for her safe keeping were not, however, unnecessary; for it came out at the time of Norfolk's second arrest, that at Easter in this year Sir Henry Percy had nearly succeeded in a scheme to deliver her, the plan being frustrated only by an unexpected change of her apartments. It then also appeared, that, notwithstanding all the precaution which had been used, Norfolk had contrived to keep up a frequent correspondence with Mary.

"But a letter of Shrewsbury's hitherto unpublished should be read in this place, as it shows us the extreme rigour of her confinement in

the time following the arrest of Norfolk, and lets us into an acquaintance with the feelings of Shrewsbury towards his royal prisoner. He seems to have allowed his sense of what he conceived a public duty to have stifled too much the sentiments of compassion, to which his heart seems on other occasions to have been no stranger Notices of the ill state of health to which her confinement had reduced her are to be found in all her letters at this time, together with most pressing solicitations that she might be allowed to clear herself of all matters laid to her charge, and regain her liberty.

" 'To the right honorable and my very good Lord my Lord of Burghley, one of the Lds of her Ma'ties privy councell.

'My very good L. After I had dispeched this berer, this Quene made eftsones great complaynt unto me of her sickly estat, and that she loked verily to perishe thereby: and used diverse melancholy words that yt is ment yt shuld so com to passe w'out helpe of medicine, and all because I was not redy to send up her Phisician's l'res unto yo'r L. which in dede I refused, for that I perceved her principall drifte was and is to have some libertie out of these gates, which in nowise I will consent unto, bicause I see no small perill therin. Notwithstanding lest she shuld think that the Quenes Ma'te had co'-manded me to denye her suche reasonable meanes as might save her life by order of phisick, I thought yt not amysse upon her said complaint and instaunce to send up the said l'res hereinclosed to be considered on as shall stand with the Quenes Ma'ties pleasur. But truly I wold be very lothe that any libertie or exercise shuld be graunted unto her or any of hers out of these gates, for fear of many daungers nedeles to be remembred unto your L. I do suffer her to walk upon the leads here in open ayre [and] in my large dining chamber, and also in this court yard, so as both I myself or my wife be alwaies in her company, for avoiding all others talk either to her self or any of hers: And suer watch is kept within and without the walles both night and day, and shall so contynue God willing so long as I shall have the charge. Thus I commit your good L. unto God. From Shefeld Castle this xiith of December 1571.

'Postscript. I cannot perceyve that she is in any present perill of sicknes. If any ensue I will not faile to advertise the same unto your L. with all diligence, but I must here eftsones advertise your L. that I am utterly against any further libertie unto her.

'Your L. ever assured

'G. Shrewsbury.' "

The preceding letter seems to have been written by the Earl in consequence of the suspicions of the Queen, (perhaps not without foundation,) that he had granted his captive more liberty, and allowed her greater indulgences, than she (the Queen) intended or approved. During the first year of the residence of the Queen of Scots in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, the Earl appears to have given way to the natural urbanity of his disposition, which, before it was soured by the perpetual animosities in his family, and the long-continued imprisonment of himself, as the gaoler of Queen Mary, certainly partook abundantly of the milk of human kindness.

It may not be improper here to give a short description of the place and family in which the Queen of Scots appears to have written these Letters, and in which she passed nearly *twelve years* of her long and unjust captivity.

The Castle of Sheffield was a strong fortress, situated on a rocky eminence at the confluence of the Don and the Sheaf. This was Mary's ostensible prison; but it seems probable that the greater part of the first year, at least, of her captivity was passed at the Manor House, or rather the House in the Park, the summer-residence of the family of the Earl of Shrewsbury. This was situated in the midst of a well-wooded, extensive park, on the opposite bank of the Sheaf: the ground rose from the river to a considerable height, to where the Manor House stood, which had the command of many beautiful views along several delightful valleys, all converging at the Castle below.

George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, to whose custody the unfortunate Queen of Scots was committed, was lord of Hallamshire. In 1566 the Earl lost his countess the Lady Gertrude Manners; she left behind her a numerous family of children. The Earl did not long remain a widower, but soon married the Lady St. Loe, then lately become a widow. This lady was the daughter of a country-gentleman, of the name of Hardwick, in the county of Derby. She had been thrice married before, each time advancing in rank, and acquiring wealth and influence. "She is said to have been a woman of great wit and beauty. It is certain that she was a woman of much address, had a mind admirably fitted for business, very ambitious, and withal overbearing, selfish, proud, treacherous, and unfeeling; two objects she pursued through a long life—to amass wealth and aggrandize her family. To these she seems to have sacrificed every principle of honour or affection, and to have completely succeeded. In an evil hour the Earl of Shrewsbury made proposals of marriage. Before she would consent to be raised to the bed of the first peer of the realm, she stipulated that he should give his daughter to her eldest son, and that Gilbert Talbot, his second son, (the eldest being already married,) should espouse her youngest daughter. These double nuptials were solemnized at Sheffield, on the 9th of February, 1567-8." The Earl and this his Countess, with the children of both, were living a very unhappy life of perpetual contention, when the captive Queen of Scots, and her suite, were introduced by the command of Elizabeth to be inmates of the family.

Thus debarred, in spite of frequent remonstrances, from leaving, during almost twelve years, a home in which he found no comfort, and restricted from even receiving the visits of many of his most intimate friends, the Earl was in fact equally a prisoner with his royal captive. This affords a pretty fair specimen of the liberty of the subject in these "good old times, the golden days of good Queen Bess," when, at the sole mandate of the sovereign, one of the first peers and most powerful noblemen of the realm was confined for more than ten years to his own miserable home, as the keeper of a royal captive, unjustly detained, who might eventually become his queen, and demand his life. Besides this, he was burdened with the trouble and expense of a numerous retinue, without being able to obtain full remuneration for money expended, and required, moreover, to exercise a degree of severity towards a defenceless female, at which his nature so revolted, as, during the early part of her captivity, to compel him, at the hazard of losing his head, secretly to disobey the cruel orders of his sovereign, and to infringe the strict orders which he himself had drawn up.

LETTER II.

The Journey.

* * * *

'Twas a mansion vast and drear,*
Superstition's loved retreat;
And in awful silence there,
Desolation held her seat:
There my spirit, reft and lorn,
'Mid congenial horror dwelt,
And on fancy's pinions borne,
Wild, unearthly terrors felt:
There, at midnight's solemn hour,
When the rude blast swept the tower,
Fancy, as it echoed round,
Heard sepulchral voices sound:

* Tutbury Castle.

By my path, and round my bed,
Visions of the past were spread;
And the miseries of despair
Almost seem'd my vital air;
Then, to bid my sorrows cease,
Shone the covenant of peace:
Then religion's soothing voice
Taught the mourner to rejoice.
But through trials, griefs, and pain
Man must joys immortal gain:
Thus from nature's tears alone
Bright the *bow of promise* shone;
'Midst conflicting earth and heaven
Was the *law of mercy* given;
When the rending rocks He trod,
Came the *still small voice* from God:
And a rushing, mighty wind,
Brought the Spirit to mankind:
When, oppress'd by outward foes,
Inward consolation rose.

Round that mansion, wild and dread,
Where the straw-roof'd dwellings spread;
Where the outcasts of mankind
Shelter from the tempest find;—

Pleasures to my heart were known,
Strangers to the regal throne;
Truths the *monarch* never knew,
Met the humble *captive's* view.

For gay Chatsworth's palace-walls
Soon I left those mouldering halls;
There I lost my only guide,
There my faithful BETON died;
There the pride of HOWARD'S race,
Of his sovereign's court the grace,
Albion's noblest, truest knight,
First engaged my wondering sight.
Radiant in his beaming eye
Shines commanding majesty;
Noblest beauty, kingly grace,
Mark his awful form and face;
O'er his high and tranquil brow
Thoughts intense their shadows throw,
While his placid lips and cheek
Love and confidence bespeak:
Yet when deed of shame or wrong
Wakes his feelings warm and strong,
Will the burst of anger there
Flash and fade and disappear;

So the meteor flaming flies
Through the calm, unclouded skies.

* * * *

Oh that he had only sought
For the meed his virtues bought,
Nor a love essay'd to gain
Man can never more obtain.

O'er the spreading lawns around,
As I stray'd at eventide
Through the forest shade profound,
Norfolk wander'd to my side.
Then, Matilda, all in vain
To this desolated heart
Did the tongue of man again
There a tale of love impart:
At the unaccustom'd sound,
Colour fled my alter'd mien,
While the tide of life was bound,
Clearly was my conflict seen.

"Norfolk!—in the clay-cold tomb,
Sad and awful, dire and deep,

Laid in silence and in gloom,
DARNLEY's injured ashes sleep;
When that long, long sleep began,
All my hopes of bliss were fled;
When my heart shall yield to man,
Must that grave resign its dead."

"Injured Monarch!—from these walls
To a life of freedom flee;
In my strong paternal halls
Peace and safety wait for thee."

"When I to my HENRY wed,
Loudly did the thunder roll,
All without was darkness dread,
All was sunshine in my soul;
When I heard my HENRY's doom,
Bright the beams of morning play'd:
But that moment deepest gloom
Wrapp'd my heart in midnight shade.
Oh! the clouds of outward fate
Cannot happiness beguile;
Shew and grandeur, pomp and state,
Cannot bid the mourner smile."

"See, the sun's resplendent light
With its beams the skies adorn;
Such wert thou, in glory bright,
In thine evanescent morn;
Wilt thou, that a day so fair
Should ere noon with clouds be spread,
And the shadows of despair
Close in youth around thine head?"

"Yonder orb, in light or gloom,
Shortly shall its course have past,
And within the silent tomb
I shall sink to rest at last:
But again that splendid light
Oft shall pass its circuit o'er;
When *I* sink in death's dark night,
I shall rise on earth no more."

"Crush'd in youth's gay roseate glow,
When thy best-loved DARNLEY died,
To the altar yet wert thou
Led to be another's bride."

"Name it not! A victim there,
Death-devoted I was led;

Gladlier, in that hour of fear,
Had I follow'd to the dead.
—Cease, O cease a *lover's* claim,
On a breast bereft as mine;
Bless me with a *sister's* name,
And a sister's love be thine."

Kindled with intensest flame,
Rose his beaming eye above,—
"Give me, then, a *brother's* name,
Give me, then, a *sister's* love!
Scarce, methinks, so sweet to me
Could the bride's devotion be;
Not, I trust, a name more dear
Were a lover's to my ear."
Then in tones whose awful swell
Like ethereal accents fell,
NORFOLK pledged a brother's love,
Heard and register'd above.

* * * *

'Twas not long my rival's fear
Left her captive to repose;

She my peaceful sojourn there
Quickly hasten'd to its close.
On the earth the fallen snows
Had their wintry mantle cast,
When, escorted by my foes,
From my prison-walls I pass'd:
Through the deep o'erwhelming snow
Human art a path had hew'd,
Ere, with motion sad and slow,
We our tedious way pursued.

In impervious armour drest,
Noted by his dancing crest;
By his form, that in its power
Seem'd o'er earth's frail race to tower;
By his mien of loftiest height,
And his stately steed of white,
Lost in thought, pre-eminent,
Mighty TALBOT foremost went.
Close behind his courser's tread
Was his mournful captive led;
Gallant NORFOLK, pressing near,
With his converse strove to cheer:
Far behind, the mailed throng,
Gaily glittering, moved along,

While before, with descant grand,
Proudly march'd the tuneful band.
As along our way we wound,
Oft I paused to gaze around.

There, above the wall of snow,
Bright the helm and hauberk glow;
Sword and banner, crest and spear,
Now are lost, and now appear;
While at times, above the screen,
All the martial train is seen:
Loudly did the trumpet's sound
From the hanging cliffs rebound;
Loud the clarion's music fell,
And at intervals its swell,
Reaching to the rock's tall brow,
From the cliffs the loosen'd snow
Dash'd impetuous down below.

In a valley deep and rude,
'Mid that silent solitude,
Sought the Earl a well-known spot,
Where there stood a vassal's cot;
Now a plain of dazzling white
Met alone his anxious sight:

Keenest horror mark'd his look,—
In that cot had he partook
(Feeling in their joy a share)
Of the peasant's homely fare,
Whence with glad, impatient feet
They would haste his steps to meet,
And with meek, delighted eye
To his welcome glance reply.
—Ah! was such their awful doom?
Was that cot their living tomb?
Sunk beneath o'erwhelming snows,
Did their forms unblest repose,
Where no bell for them was rung,
And the winds their requiem sung?

Not a moment was delay'd;
Through the snow a path was made;
Talbot's agonizing glance
Watching o'er their slow advance;
Casting pride of rank aside,
Norfolk with the foremost plied.

High and wide the snow they threw,
Ere the cottage met their view,

And the sun's gay light again
Gleam'd upon the chequer'd pane.
—Ah! perchance that light reposed
On the eyes in darkness closed,
To the inmates never more
Light or comfort to restore.

Lost in tortured fear I stood;
Deepest horror chill'd my blood;
Almost did I hear the moan
Of the sufferer's parting groan;
Almost to my fearful eyes
Did their dying forms arise;
Till a shout's reviving swell
Did of glad deliverance tell.
Oh! my ear has never yet
Learnt those accents to forget;
Still my eye, with fond delight,
Oft recalls the joyful sight,
When, to meet my eager view,
NORFOLK led the rescued few.

* * * *

Farther, as we onward wound,
Higher tower'd the cliffs around;
Yet more awful, yet more grand,
Did the snow-clad hills expand.
Long ere I on earth was seen,
Had those rocks and mountains been;
When within the grave's deep bed
I shall rest my weary head,
When my memory shall expire,
They shall still to heaven aspire;
But when *they* shall pass away,
I shall see that awful day.

Borne by faith's transporting power,
Pass'd my spirit to that hour,
When the solid rocks shall quake,
And the earth's foundations shake;
When the sun's gay light is o'er,
And when time shall be no more;
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
When the flaming heavens shall roll;
When the earth shall cease to be,—
Can there, then, be hope for me?
—Yes,—for while the wicked call

To the hills on them to fall,
Steadfast, in that hour of fear,
Shall the saints of God appear:
They who, through a Saviour's might,
Wash'd their robes and made them white,
They the narrow way who trod,
Then shall rise to meet their God:
Safe, though nature fails around,
O may I with them be found!

NOTES TO LETTER II.

'Twas a mansion vast and drear. Page 39.

"THE order of council for the removal of the Queen of Scots from from Bolton to Tutbury bears date the 20th of January. She travelled southward unwillingly. She passed through Rotherham on the 31st of January, and arrived at Tutbury on the 2nd of February. There the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were in readiness to receive her.

"The Castle of Tutbury was held by Shrewsbury of the Crown as part of the duchy of Lancaster. Here she remained several months." —*Hunter.*

There my faithful Beton died. P. 41.

"Near this monument we observed a brass tablet, with a long Latin inscription upon it to the memory of John Beton, a confidential servant of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. He appears to have entered into the service of his royal mistress early in life, and he was one of the principal agents in her deliverance from the Castle of Loch Leven: afterwards he was employed by the Queen in an embassy to Charles IX., king of France, and likewise to Elizabeth; he died at Chatsworth in the year 1570, at the age of 32. Situated as Mary then was, she could ill bear the loss of such a servant; though a Queen, she was yet a prisoner, and with the exception of the little circle of domestics who attended upon her person at Chatsworth, she had none to do her homage.

"Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?"

SHAKSPEARE, *Rich. II.*

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF BETON.

"DEO Opt. Max. et Posteritati sacrum JOHANNI BETONIO Scoto nobilis et optimi viri Johannis Betonii ab Anthmwty filio Davidis Betonii illustriss. S. R. E. Cardinalis Nepoti, Jacobi Betonii Reverendiss.

S. Andreæ Archiepiscopi et Regni Scotiæ Cancellarii digniss. pronepoti, ab ineunte ætate in humanioribus disciplinis et philosophiâ quo facilior ad jus Romanum (cujus ipse consultiss. fuit) aditus patet, ab optimis quibusq' præceptoribus et liberaliter et ingenuè educato: omnibus morum facilitate, fide, prudentiâ, et constantiâ charo: unde a Sereniss. Principe Maria Scotorum Gallorumq' Reginâ in prægustatoris primum mox Œconomi munus suffecto, ejusdemq' Sereniss. Reginæ unâ cum aliis e vinculis truculentiss. Tiranni apud levini lacus castrum liberatori fortiss. quem post varias legationes et ad Carolum 9 Galliarum Regem Christianiss. et ad Elizabetham sereniss. Anglorum Reginam fœliciter et non sine laude susceptas: fatis properantibus in suæ ætatis flore sors aspera immani dysenterias Morbo è numero viventium exemit. Jacobus Reverendiss. Glasguensis Archiepiscopus et Andreas Betonii ejusdem sereniss. Reginæ ille apud Regem Christianiss. legatus, hic vero œconomus in perpetuam rei memoriam ex voluntate, et pro imperio sereniss. Reginæ heræ clementiss. fr's. mœstiss. posuerunt.

"Obiit anno Salutis 1570. vixit annos 32. menses 7. et diem d'ni expectat apud Chathworth in Angliâ.

"EPITAPHIVM.

"Immaturia tibi legerunt fila Sorores
BETONI, ut summum ingenium summumque perirret
Judicium, et nobis jucundum nil foret ultrâ
"DOMI ET FORIS.....A.B."

MR. E. RHODES's *Peak Scenery.*

LETTER III.

The Journey,

CONTINUED.

Ere the hour when from the sky
Slow the light of day declines,
First we gain'd the summit high
Of the English Appenines:
Hill and valley, wood and stream,
Sweetly met the sun's last beam;
Abbeys, towns, and villas gay
Scatter'd far beneath us lay,
Where, 'mid hill, and dale, and wood,
Sheffield in the valley stood;
Sent from many a forge on high,
Streaming splendour sought the sky:
Eastward of her hallow'd spire,
Where the spreading hills retire,

Talbot's mansion met the view,
And his banners gaily flew:
Where the varied landscape lay
To the northward stretch'd away,
At the spreading prospect's close,
Ebor's holy turrets rose.

Norfolk pointed to my gaze,
Where the men of other days
Once in war's dread costume stood,
And united shed their blood,—
Now where swells the drifted snow,
Do the fern and green moss grow;
And the mountain heather wave
O'er the warrior's dewy grave,
Where the chiefs of years gone by
Rear'd their lofty domes on high;
Then, the monarchs of the spot,
Now, their very names forgot.
Here the peopled town on high
Once had met the gazing eye,
And in strength, and power, and pride,
Spread abroad in circuit wide:
—Not a human being now
On that spot his mansion chose,

Nor a stone remain'd to shew
Where the walls of *Hallam* rose.
Far beyond the hills appear'd,
Once by human art uprear'd,
Trophies vain, defences dread,
Of the chiefs of ages fled.
Still in awful strength they rose,
But the builder's busy hand,
And the chiefs who bade them stand,
Did alike in dust repose.
Oh, ye great ones of your day,
Ye, perchance, a despot's sway
O'er your little empires bore!
Did ye in your pomp of power
Seek in thought the coming hour,
When your sway should be no more,
And the monumental stone
Should to you remain alone?
Did ye, when the trump of fame
Spread afar your glorious name,
And when thousands call'd you lord,
Did your minds foresee the hour,
When yon bulwarks of your power
Should alone that power record?

Darker grew the evening sky,
As a friendly train drew nigh,
Warn'd by NORFOLK of our way,
To invite our transient stay,
Lost amid embowering wood,
Where a yeoman's mansion stood.

On the long and massive board
Were the plenteous viands stored;
In the hall of ample space,
Trophies of the war and chace
Did the walls around us grace.

Here, as old traditions tell,
Once a chieftain, with his train,
Bade in war his banner swell,
Vowing dauntless to remain:
Ah, the vow was well fulfill'd!
Low in death they slumber now;
Round their chieftain's standard kill'd,
By the Saxon's axe laid low;
And a cross was rear'd on high
To their name in after-years,
Where in death the heroes lie;
Banner-Cross the name it bears.

Where, when death has seal'd my doom,
Where shall be thy MARY'S tomb?
Shall the holy cross arise,
Where *my* dust in silence lies?
Oh, perchance, by murderers slain,
On some wild unpeopled plain,
Shall the dark earth's heaving breast
Mark alone my place of rest:
There no spirits of my sires
From their misty halls shall wend,
And (unstrung their sounding lyres,)
To their daughter's grave descend;
Never there my mother's ghost,
On the beams of noontide borne,
O'er the form she loved the most,
Bend to weep my clouded morn:
Yet above that humble tomb
May the moorland heath-flower bloom,
And the plant whose mountain flower—
Chosen type of Scotia's power—
Erst would on my banners wave,
Still may blossom o'er my grave,
And the way-worn pilgrim there
Shed the sympathizing tear,—

Conscious in the turf he eyes
That some kindred dust is laid,
Reckless that a *monarch* lies,
Hid beneath its silent shade!

* * * *

When again, on progress bent,
Forward on our way we went;
In the azure heavens afar
Clearly shone each glittering star;
Not a zephyr whispering round
Broke the solemn calm profound;
Where towards my native land
Did the northern hills expand,
Spreading in the distant sphere,
Shone a radiance pure and clear;
As, bewilder'd and amazed,
On the wondrous scene we gazed,
Sudden to the zenith's height
Shot a ray of silver light,
By another follow'd now,
Thousands then of every die
O'er the brilliant concave fly,
And in flickering splendour glow;

Now they shine in glory clear,
Now they fade and disappear;
Now again, in splendour gay,
Ranged like soldiers for the fray,
In opposing lines they beam;
Bristling spears and banners high
Flash resplendent in the sky,
And in wavy motion fly
With an ever-varying gleam;
As receding now they seem,
Now advancing to the fight,
Now again their ranks retreat,
Till in combat close they meet;
And in richest lustre bright
Others from the zenith's height
From the depths below them glance,
And with them in streaming light
To the raging fight advance:
Rays of glory round them fly,
Brightly glows the northern sky,
And in one commotion seems,
When amid the combat's heat,
Where the ranks the closest meet,
A blood-red cross tremendous beams:

Now was heard a fearful sound,
As of serpents hissing round,
And of thorns enwrapt in fire,
While a banner, white as snow,
Did above the cross aspire,
And o'er half the concave flow,—
While a silvery rainbow light
Arch'd around the vision bright.

Now less quick the falchions dart,
By degrees the troops depart;
With a faint and fainter beam
Do the cross and banner gleam,
Till the stars' clear light alone
In the azure concave shone.

Norfolk told us when of yore
Haughty Henry's impious hand
All religion's ensigns tore
From proud Albion's faithless land,—
When her holy altars fell,
When her anthems ceased to swell,
When amid devouring fire
Did her chosen sons expire,

And the cross no more was seen,—
Then had such a vision been.
Scotia! country of my sires!
Where their honour'd sceptre sway'd,
Where religion's sacred fires
Had their chosen temple made,
Must she, then, depart from thee,—
Must thy altars rise no more,
And must desolation be
Where thy temples stood before?
Must the cross no longer rise,
Of thy faith the ensign dear?
Oh, may death have seal'd my eyes,
Ere that awful hour appear!
Let the sun, whose splendour gay
Gilds thy fallen temples' gloom,
Glimmer, too, with golden ray
On thy monarch's lowly tomb!
Let the wind, whose hollow sound
Round thy ruin'd altars sweeps,
Murmur also on the mound
Where the dust of MARY sleeps!

* * * *

Through my keeper's wide domain
Slowly wound the weary train;
Every cottage where we came
Pour'd its tribe at TALBOT's name;
Every passing vassal shed
Blessings on his chieftain's head:
Farther as we moved along,
Thicker grew the gathering throng,
And methought, with pride elate,
Higher tower'd their chieftain great,
Till we wound our weary way,
Where the town in dimness lay,
And from every portal rude
Pour'd the countless multitude,
While their shouts with loud resound,
Pealing to the utmost bound,
Rose the glad return to tell
Of the master loved so well.

Slowly on our way we past,
'Mid their gratulating bands,
Till the hill was gain'd at last
Where his lordly mansion stands;
There arrived, the weary train

From their tedious route reposed;
On the captive queen again
Loud the prison portals closed;
So have others closed on me,
So perchance may others still,—
Ah! is such my lot to be?
—Not without my Maker's will;
He will still his servant guide;
Though the winds their warfare wage,
Though, around, the roaring tide
In tempestuous motion rage,
He their fury can control,
At his voice they cease to roll;
For the waters own his sway,
And the winds his voice obey;
Shall not, then, the tide of fate
At his bidding cease to rave?
From the storm of human hate
Is not HIS the power to save?
Cannot He, whose potent voice
Tells the desert to rejoice,
Bid the weary rest in peace,
And the mourner's sorrows cease?

NOTES TO LETTER III.

Trophies vain, defences dread,
Of the chiefs of ages fled. P. 57.

"THOSE two noble military earth-works, called Castle-hill and Bailey-hill, both very near to the village of Bradfield, are evidently in their whole construction Saxon, and were doubtless thrown up for the defence of the kingdom of Northumbria. Tradition speaks loudly of the defeat and death of an invading king, who came from the south, bearing a raven in his standard, amongst the hills on the north of Bradfield."—HUNTER's *Hallamshire.*

HALLAMSHIRE, the district in which stand the castle and manor-house of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to which Mary, Queen of Scots, was now brought a prisoner, is a part of England hitherto but little known beyond its own limits. The able and interesting "History of Hallamshire," before-mentioned, will undoubtedly now draw a considerable portion of public attention. To that work the editor is under considerable obligations. Many of the Notes to this publication are drawn from that source.

Hallamshire is situated in the southern extremity of Northumberland: the stream which there separates that division of the kingdom from Mercia, is likewise the southern boundary of Hallamshire. Though history but little notices this interesting district, it has from the most remote antiquity been a place of no inconsiderable importance. Druidical and Roman remains are still to be traced, and it was the part of England in which the Norman Conqueror's arms met with the most formidable opposition from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. To this circumstance it is owing, as will be hereafter shewn, that Hallam itself, at least the *aula* of the Saxon chief, which gave name to the vill and district, is not now to be distinctly traced.

On the summit, and almost at the northern extremity of a ridge of hills which branches out from that mountainous tract which has been with great propriety termed the English Appenines, (the waters on the opposite sides of them running east and west into the ocean,) lie scattered a number of houses and small hamlets, all bearing the common name of Hallam: amidst these is a plain of about eight or ten acres, known by the name of *Burnt Stones*. The stones, however, from which this place has its name, have for ages been removed from the ground, (probably to Sheffield,) and the plough has passed over it. This, however, I have little doubt, was the site of Earl Waltheof's formidable fortress; and the vill of Hallam, the capital of the district, stood around it. There still remain in the neighbourhood the names of Hallam-Gate, Lydgate, Sandygate, Long Causeway, and Lodge-Moor*, all intimating approaches to some place of consequence. In fact, the situation, being the highest in the district, is such as the Saxon chiefs almost invariably selected as the sites of their *aulæ* or castles. It overlooks almost the whole of the shire, or share, meaning the portion of land shared or apportioned to the residence of the chief. A considerable part of the district lying to the north-west of Hallam, still bears the name of Haugh Park. Tradition asserts, that the men of Hallamshire, under their chief Earl Waltheof, made such a successful resistance to the arms of the Norman Conqueror, that he determined to take signal vengeance on the place and the inhabitants, by sweeping the whole away with the besom of destruction. This resolution he so effectually carried into execution, that the Burnt Stones seem to have been the only memorial remaining to mark the site of Hallam. In dividing the greater part of the conquered kingdom among his followers, the district of Hallamshire fell to the share of De Busli, who married the Countess Judith, niece of the Conqueror. *Sheffield* now became the seat of the lords of Hallamshire, and the manor of Sheffield began to assume considerable consequence. How the lordship passed into the family of De Lovetot does not appear: it was, however, in that family early in the reign of Henry I., and Sheffield was by them greatly enlarged and improved. The Castle was built or rebuilt, a market established, a mill erected, a hospital endowed, a stone bridge thrown over the Don, and a spacious church, with a handsome spire, built on the site of a Roman station. The neighbourhood

* Before its enclosure, Lodge-Moor was thickly studded with barrows, the sepulchres of chiefs of other days.

abounds with coal and iron-stone. The Danes had considerable iron works in the district; and Sheffield now became noted for the manufacture of various articles of that metal, particularly knives or whittles.

In the reign of King John, the lordship of Hallamshire passed by marriage into the family of the De Furnivals. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by them; leave to hold a fair was obtained, and the trade of the town was greatly increased. In the reign of Richard II., Maude, the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Nevil, Lord Furnival, married John Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, the warrior of whom our great dramatic bard thus exclaims:—

> ——Valiant Talbot, above human thought,
> Enacted wonders with his sword and lance;
> Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
> Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew;
> The French exclaim'd, "The Devil was in arms!"
> All the whole army stood agazed on him:
> His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
> "A Talbot! A Talbot!" cried out amain,
> And rushed into the bowels of the battle.

Thus the earls of Shrewsbury became lords of Hallamshire. By them the spacious and splendid manor-house, standing in the midst of an extensive, well-wooded, and well-stocked park, adjoining to the town, was erected to serve as a summer-residence. Here it was that Cardinal Wolsey was delivered a prisoner into the custody of George, the fourth earl of Shrewsbury, by his son-in-law the Earl of Northumberland, who had arrested him at Cawood. Here it was that the Cardinal fell sick of that disease which so soon proved fatal to him. Here, and in the Castle of Sheffield, it was, as before stated, that the Queen of Scots, in custody of George, the sixth earl of Shrewsbury, passed two-thirds of her sad, cruel, and unjust captivity of more than eighteen years.

LETTER IV.

The Family Mansion.

* * * *

WHERE far around the dwellings stand
Of those who own his ruling hand,
Arise on high the rampart-walls
Of mighty TALBOT's native halls,—
Proud, as the chief for whom they swell,
And, as his arm, invincible.

Around their towers, in order set,
The battled wall, the parapet,
The deep-wrought fosse, the double mound,
The frowning bastions ranged around,
The portal vast, to human hand
Impenetrable bulwarks stand.

Loud creaks the iron-studded gate,
Above whose arch, of ponderous state,
The TALBOT's chosen words appear,—
Portentous sight,—"*Prest d'accomplir*;"
Within that portal lies afar
The inner court quadrangular,
And high above, and far beside,
The castle spreads to distance wide;
More meet for giant warriors' hold
Than haunt for man of mortal mould;
And well such fabled monsters' rage
A war discourteous here might wage;
For lady's wail, or warrior's cry,
In those deep cells must silent die:
As vainly should the combat's force
Roll round those towers its furious course,
As chafe against the rude rock's side
The billows of the ocean-tide.

Within——but how shall I relate
The story of a TAL OT's state,—
The menial throng, whose legion-band
E'en *he* can glory to command;
The full, the hospitable board,
O'erflowing as its master's hoard;

The mansion, in whose compass wide
More proudly swells his heart of pride;
—It may not be—but thou wilt lend,
From climes where ceaseless pageants blend,
Where peace is not, a willing ear
Of England's homefelt joys to hear.

And first we seek the festive hall,—
Resort of joys which never pall,—
Where spreads the board from end to end;
In massive strength its planks extend;
But when the bell from yonder tower
Proclaims the noonday banquet hour,
When, with the foaming beverage crown'd,
The circling horn is sped around,
And plenteous viands high are stow'd,
It groans beneath the ponderous load.

Aloft the stag's vast antlers wide,
The wild boar's tusks are spread beside;
—A monster, hugest of the breed,
For that prized trophy doom'd to bleed;
Long of his death in many a dale
Shall shepherd hinds relate the tale,

Nor TALBOT's self disdain to tell,
How by *his* hand the savage fell.
Here, too, the arms a TALBOT wore,
Full twice a hundred years before;
Which still preserved, a sacred trust,
With zealous care from moth or rust,
A TALBOT yet delights to wear,
And deems a guardian charm is there:
Yon ponderous blade, in battle-field
What mortal arm may brook to wield?
That blade, which ages heretofore
The all-subduing TALBOT bore,
When, gleaming o'er the field of fight,
The Gaul turn'd pale before its light,
And half a nation, where it led,
Victorious follow'd o'er the dead:
—That conquering blade, when, stiff and cold,
The hand which held, no more could hold,
While age on age it's circuit kept,
In this high hall in stillness slept,
An idle trophy of the field,
Too vast for other arm to wield;
Till *he*, the last, the noblest one,
All warlike as the warrior gone,

With arm of might, and giant frame,
A hand of steel, a heart of flame,
Snatch'd from its place that blade of might,
And bore it to the distant fight;
A death-light gleaming through the war,
While routed borderers fled afar.

Now thou, a favour'd visitant,
Shalt seek awhile a prouder haunt;
Of all within his land possest,
The spot that TALBOT loves the best:
For they—the long, the glorious band,
The great, the noble of the land,
Who own'd the scene that owns him now,
Who bow'd the race to him who bow;
Around whose heads, a little while,
The pleasures smiled on him that smile,
In courts and camps the leading star,
The foremost in the ranks of war;
On whom were envied honours piled,
And monarchs gazed, and ladies smiled;
Who one by one, from age to age,
Their brief hour strutting on the stage,
As each assumed his lofty stand,
The blaze of rising glory fann'd;

Till the pure light, unstain'd, was shed
Upon my awful keeper's head;—
Here meet they all,—from him whose name
Blazed first upon the rolls of fame,
And now in distance dimly peers,
Seen mellow'd through the mist of years;
To him, in rock, and dale, and hill,
Whose form, remember'd, lingers still.

The warrior stern, the chieftain great,
In coat of mail, or robes of state,
The man mature, the stripling green,
The wrinkled statesman, all are seen;
And lofty dames and damsels bright,
And dimpled infants laughing light,
Are ranged around in order nigh,
A gay and gallant company.

As rich each robe, each dress as proud,
As ere they changed them for the shroud;
Each mien as high as that they bore
Ere yet they sank to rise no more.
Here, 'midst exulting crowds descried,
Exalted at a monarch's side,

To mighty Gallia's regal domes,
Behold triumphant TALBOT comes.
Long, *long* hath past that pomp of power,
The fleeting pageant of an hour;
Long hush'd hath been each joyous tongue,
The conqueror's self hath vanish'd long;
While race succeeding still to race,
Arose and perish'd in their place:
But *here*, in splendour, meets the eye,
The still unalter'd pageantry;
Still move the conquering chiefs along,
Still toss their arms the exulting throng;
Still stately rides the TALBOT great,
With all a conqueror's pride elate;
And changeless shine the beaming rays
Of regal HENRY's awful gaze.

The maid, who ages heretofore
Sank to the grave a matron hoar,
Here blooms and charms for evermore;
The locks in auburn beauty flow,
Which age shall never turn to snow;
The smile, all-conquering, here behold,
Which light caprice shall ne'er withhold;

The eyes in liquid lustre swim,
Whose splendour time has fail'd to dim.

Here the gray Earl, in sightless age,
Who trod a weary pilgrimage;
An infant small, in careless glee,
Lies laughing on his nurse's knee.

Here o'er his foeman, prostrate laid,
The warrior holds the gleaming blade;
An eye is that, that will not spare,
And yet his weapon lingers there;
And while the vanquish'd sues for ruth,
Still stays his arm the conquering youth.

And whither next shall we repair?
Where all is grand, and all is rare;
Say, shall we pass, with step elate,
Through pillar'd halls and rooms of state;
Or shall we climb, by slow ascent,
Where the broad steps a way present
To galleries long, whose bright array
In dim perspective fades away;
Where painted windows, gaily dight,
Adorn the floor with varied light;

Then trace the chambers wide and high,
Bedeck'd with gaudy tapestry:
Or shall we mount the circling stair,
Our dizzy stand to take in air,—
Raised high above the homes of men,
And scarce in reach of human ken?

Around the massive buildings rise;
In perfect strength they meet the eyes,
Though many a foeman's iron balls
Have batter'd oft those lofty halls;
And many a hostile chieftain's pride
To gain their battled heights has tried,
For here must human power and art
Display alike a feeble part.

But, oh, there *is* a hand, whose power
Shall level yet each stately tower;
Beneath whose touch each mouldering wall,
Laid low in dust, shall crumbling fall;
The keep, whose donjon's cold gray stone
Hath echoed many a captive's moan;
And the dark castellated height,
From whence so oft the arrowy flight

Has scatter'd wounds and death around,
Shall all unheeded strow the ground:
But their dread lord, whose ruling hand
Controls so far the subject land,
By whose fell power, laid cold and low,
Full many a chieftain slumbers now,
Whose honour'd name, whose acts of dread,
Across the circling world are spread;—
He first must sink; great TALBOT, yes,
Thy stately form the turf must press;
Thy mighty deeds and peerless name
Must vanish from the rolls of fame:
The mouldering stone, the falling shrine,
The grave's dark bed alone be thine;
And, after thee, thy banner'd wall,
Thy turrets high, thy peopled hall,
Thy donjon deep, thy towers sublime,
Shall yield them to the hand of *Time*.

* * * *

When came the months of light and flowers,
We left it for the airy towers,
That on the high adjacent ground
(The summer mansion) rise around.

In awful beauty, vast and grand,
To princely height those towers expand;
Yet might we deem they did but rear
Their proud embattled summits there,
To shew, amid creation's plan,
How mean the mightiest works of man;
So vast, so beauteous, and so bright,
The scene that round them sleeps in light,
The haunt of power for ever o'er,
Of glories past to shine no more,
Where found the noble and the brave
Their home, their cradle, and their grave.

'Twas here the conquering Roman fled,
'Twas here the Saxon HENGIST bled;
'Twas here the terror of the land,
Bold LOCKSLEY, led his fearless band;
'Twas hence, ere crush'd by despot sway,
By force o'erpowering swept away,
Their latest, lingering tribes expired,
The free-born Saxons last retired.
On every hill around me spread,
Have Freedom's willing martyrs bled;
In every scene through which I roam,
The brave and mighty had their home.

Oh, never in a meeter grave
Could rest the ashes of the brave,
Nor e'er could nature's charms be blent
To form their fitter monument;
She, wide o'er hill and dale and plain,
Unconquer'd spreads her own domain;
And all untutor'd in her sway,
As wild, as wonderful as they,
As great, as glorious, and as free,
She revels in her luxury:
In native beauty, o'er their grave,
She bids uncultured forests wave;
She rules the streamlets as they play;
She guides the rivers on their way;
She bids the heights in grandeur swell,
In verdure clothes the lowly dell,
And where, retiring to the sphere,
The heath-clad hills around appear,
(Their rugged sides, since time began,
Unbroken by the hand of man,)
Seen mellow'd in the distance dense,
She reigns in wild magnificence.

In such a scene, how loud the call
For man's proud soul abased to fall,

And all its meanness to descry—
An atom in immensity!
But not with humbling thoughts opprest,
Swells at the sight its owner's breast;
Oft have I mark'd his haughty eye
Shine at the view, his heart beat high;
But only hath my search descried
A chieftain's joy, a despot's pride,
From this his rich inheritance,
In that changed mien and kindling glance.

The owner of a noble name
For many an age of glorious fame,
He knows and loves his ample dower
Of fame, of fortune, and of power.

Full many a chief of high renown
Has call'd that peerless name his own;
The warrior bold, whose deeds of fear
An awe-struck world has quaked to hear;
The gallant knight in mimic war,
Who spread his lady's fame afar;
The courtier fear'd, who took his stand
The foremost of the glittering band;

The statesman, high and envied too,
Whom suppliant monarchs stoop'd to woo,
On whom a nation cast its cares,—
Have borne the name that TALBOT bears:
But never yet a name more high,
Of all his mighty ancestry,
In fame's emblazon'd scrolls was found,
More dreaded on the battle-ground,—
More honour'd where the wise resort,
More potent in the regal court,
More dreaded in the tourney fight,
Disputing for his lady bright,
(A *royal* lady owneth he,
A false and ruthless mistress she,)
Than is their offspring's glorious name,
—And high he rates his power and fame.

He loves within his wide domain
A sway despotic to maintain;
But not *alone* to him is dear
The slavish duty paid by fear,
Far *better* loves he to receive
The homage that the heart can give,
As many a grateful tongue can tell,
That loves upon his name to dwell.

By outward show, by pomp and glare,
The banner streaming on the air,
The rich attire, the mansion grand,
The steed unmatch'd, the armed band,—
He loves to awe the gazing eye
By all the grace of majesty;
In form, o'erpowering to the ken,
Scarce seems he of the race of men;
Exalted to the loftiest height
Of mortal stature, mortal might;
Imprest upon his awful mien,
Unbending dignity is seen;
Lofty his brow, and stern and high
The glance of his commanding eye,
And you might deem that aspect proud
At pity's call had never bow'd;
But I have watch'd him when the pride
Of birth and power were laid aside,
And, sorrowing o'er the mourner's lot,
His wonted state was all forgot;
Then have I seen that bold eye's gleam
With meekest, gentlest pity beam,
And his high brows expression fail,
In listening to the poor man's tale.

From his dark eye at times I see
The glance of pity cast on me,
And his relaxing brow disclose
Keen sorrow for his captive's woes;
But ah, no pity for her care
His stately spouse will stoop to share:
Oh, she is one whose flinty heart
Will *never* take the sufferer's part,
Nor ever has her brilliant eye
Shed the soft tear of sympathy.

In early youth each conquering grace,
Each peerless beauty mark'd her face,
And the high chieftains of the land
With warm contention sought her hand;
The mightiest heroes of the day
Did at her feet their trophies lay,
And matchless worth and love sincere
Their homage paid with anxious fear;
But valour, worth, or fervent love
Could never yet her bosom move.

While each high chief a victim lay
Beneath her beauty's conquering sway,

All powerless was external grace
Upon *her* heart to print a trace.
Yet still her spirit, dire and proud,
To *one* loved idol meanly bow'd;
And many a winding dark she trod,
For *Mammon* was her household god:
It was for this with anxious care
She deck'd her form and twined her hair;
It was for this she bow'd her pride;
Each female art for this she tried;
For this, with labour long and hard,
She toil'd, and—she has her reward.

Most happy they whose humbler place
Has fail'd to win that lady's grace;
But wretched they whose station high
Obtain'd the favour of her eye;
A joyless home, a blasted fame,
Where she presided, ever came:
—Already *thrice* her willing hand
Had own'd the power of Hymen's band,
Ere to great TALBOT's mansion high
She brought her dower of misery;
But well I deem her sorrowing tear
Has *never* wash'd a husband's bier;

Full well I deem she would not dwell
Upon the grave's deep, shadowy cell,
Nor vow, that he who slumber'd there,
Should be than all in life more dear;
But to the living from the dead
E'en by that grave's dark portal, fled;—
In thought the future snare would lay,
And hail the' anticipated prey:
She would not mourn, mayhap, the stroke,
That life's most precious bond had broke;
But she would rather thank the blow
That freed her for a future vow:
And when her stately form she drest
In the lone widow's sable vest,
No tear her anguish would confess;
But as she fix'd that flowing dress,
And bid its folds more graceful flow,
Her thoughts, I ween, were not on woe.

From that rude stem a flowret grew,
Whose opening beauties charm'd the view,
Unlike her as the rainbow's form
Is to the murky parent storm,
Or as the lichen to the stone
O'er which its filial arms are thrown.

As sweet and transient as the rose,
When first its blushing leaves unclose,
As modest as the violet pale,
Meek as the lily of the dale,
ELIZA bloom'd; yet pain and care
In earliest youth she learn'd to bear,
While oft her mother's tyrant power
Obscured with clouds her morning hour;
But 'mid the shades that round her spread,
A hand unseen her footsteps led;
A radiance on her path was thrown,
The thoughtless world has never known;
The widow's cot she loved to tread,
To deal the orphan's daily bread,
While from the sick man's mournful shed
At her approach affliction fled.

* * * *

NOTES TO LETTER IV.

The story of a Talbot's state. P. 72.

"THE Earl did not long remain a widower, after the death of his Countess in 1566, but soon married (as has been before-mentioned) the Lady St. Loe, then lately become a widow. She was the daughter of John Hardwick, Esq., a private gentleman of the county of Derby, who lived upon the ancestorial property from which his name was derived, near the town of Mansfield. She was one of many daughters who married with the superior gentry of the county, but she far outstripped the rest in the splendour of her alliances. Her first husband was Robert Barlow, Esq., the son and heir-apparent of Arthur Barlow, of Barlow, near Dronfield, by a sister of Sir John Chaworth, of Wyverton. But he died very young. In 1547 she married Sir William Cavendish, a gentleman of the county of Suffolk, one of the principal persons employed by Henry VIII. in the suppression of the monasteries, and who was enriched by many grants of abbey lands. The marriage-ceremony was performed at Brodgate, in Leicestershire, a seat of the Marquis of Dorset, and we find the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, the Marchioness of Northampton, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Pembroke, and Warwick, Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, Ladies Jane and Catherine Grey, and even the Queen's majesty herself, among the sponsors at the baptisms of her children. Sir William Cavendish, probably at her request, settled himself in the county of Derby. He bought Chatsworth of the Leeches, who were nearly allied to his lady, and other places of other people. He began to build at Chatsworth, but he left the work to be finished by his widow, who was employed upon it many years after his decease on the 25th of October, 1557. Lady Cavendish took to her third husband Sir Wm. St. Loe, a gentleman of an ancient knightly family in the county of Somerset, who was captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth. When not in attendance upon the court, this gentleman resided at Chatsworth. She obtained an unbounded influence over him; and his family charged her, probably not without reason, of making an improper use of her influence."—HUNTER.

Such was the ambitious woman, who, having obtained complete ascendancy over her infatuated husband, (the Earl of Shrewsbury being her fourth,) was in reality the arbiter of the fate of the captive

Queen, so long as she remained nominally under the care of the Earl. A sacrifice, hereafter to be mentioned, which probably cost her little pain, was judiciously made by the Queen of Scots to the insatiable love of wealth and splendour, which seems to have been the ruling passion of the Countess. This, during at least the early part of her captivity, procured for her the unwonted lenity of her female keeper, with many indulgencies which she would not otherwise have experienced.

From that rude stem a floweret grew. P. 88.

"The year 1574 is chiefly memorable in the history of Mary's captivity for a marriage between one of her nearest relations and a daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury. This was Charles Stuart, earl of Lenox, younger brother to her husband Darnley, and nearly related to herself in blood. This young man spent a few days at Rufford, one of the seats of the Earl of Shrewsbury, along with his mother the old Countess of Lenox, and on a few days' acquaintance made a love-match with the only unmarried daughter of Sir William Cavendish. 'Yt was delte in sodenly,' says Shrewsbury in an exculpatory letter to Elizabeth, who looked upon these nuptials with an eye of more than common jealousy, 'and wythowt my knowledge; but as I dare undertake and insure to your Ma'te, for my wyfe, she, fyndyng her dawghter disapoynted of yong Barte, where she hoped, and that th' oder yong gentylman was inclyned to love wyth a few days' acquayntans, dyd her best to further hyr daughter to thys match; wythout havyng therin any other intent or respect than with reverent dutie towards your Ma'te she owght.' A more full account of the origin of the acquaintance which led to these nuptials is given in a letter of Shrewsbury to Burghley. The truth was, that the Countess of Shrewsbury had long been looking out for a splendid alliance for her daughter, and eagerly embraced the offer which this young nobleman, perhaps inconsiderately, had made. 'There is feu nobillmen's sons in England,' says Shrewsbury, 'that she hath not praid me to dele forre, at one tyme or other; so I did for my Lord Rutland, with my Lord Sussex, for my Lord Wharton, and sundry others; and now this cumes unloked for without thankes to me.' Elizabeth was, as might probably have been anticipated, much displeased. The two Countesses of Shrewsbury and Lenox were for a time placed under restraint. But her displeasure was the most severely directed towards the young couple, (neither of them twenty,) nor could the mediation of powerful friends on both sides avail entirely to subdue it. What was most unreasonable, considering the terms on which the Queen of Scots was with the whole Lenox family, she was charged with having been concerned in bringing about this alliance. The only issue was one daughter, the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was left an orphan at about four years of age, and whose melancholy history forms so interesting a feature in the reign of James I.—HUNTER's *Hallamshire*.

This other young, lovely, accomplished female victim to the vile jealousy and tyranny of the English Queen escaped by death from her remorseless grasp in the year 1582. Her remains were deposited

in the vault of the Talbots at Sheffield, on the 21st of January in that year. It may not be uninteresting to insert the following short fragment, (found among the other poetical compositions here published,) which must have been written by Mary, upon the imprisonment of the Countess of Lenox.

Alas, *no more* her gentle hand
Shall deal their bread, their griefs withstand;
Her melting voice shall never more
The hapless mourner's joys restore;
All her charms, in youth's bright bloom,
Are withering in a *living tomb*.

Her fairy form, her lovely face,
A monarch's court might fitly grace,
Or in gay pleasure's festive haunt
Have shone the loveliest habitant:
She knew her power,—she yielded all
For a dark prison's gloomy wall,
At virtuous love's all-powerful call;
But he for whom she all could brave,
Was worthy of the price she gave.

He came—the chosen of her heart—
Ere long for ever to depart:
The bitter thought her heart-strings tore,
That they must part for evermore;
And when she heard the faltering voice
Of him who was her heart's loved choice,
Too gentle was she to repel
A pleader whom she loved so well.
Nor marvell'd I.—To him belong
The melting accents of a tongue,
That never pled in vain to me;
The gentle mien I loved to see:
In him could fond remembrance trace
The features of his brother's face;
My own Lord Darnley's azure eye
In noble Stuart she could spy.

* * * *

The marriage-rites were scarcely known,
And Stuart claim'd her for his own,
Before her monarch's jealous sway
The beauteous captive bore away;
Her loved paternal halls to change
For a dark prison's narrow range.

Fair, fragile flower! a rugged soil
  Has rear'd thee here below,
And the keen tempest's rude turmoil
Hath early mark'd thee for its spoil,
  And bade thy beauties blow:
But thou shalt bloom beyond the skies,
Where winds nor blow nor tempests rise;
The storms that on thy blossoms shower,
They shall but haste that happy hour.

While yet on earth thy sweets are shed,
Where lowers the tempest deep and dread,
Where spread the shadows of the night,
  The thunders rolls around,—
There shines on thee a rainbow light,
A radiant arc of promise bright
  Amid the deep profound;
It promises a happier hour,
When spent the rolling tempest's power;
It tells thee of a time of peace,
When winds, and storms, and tempests cease.
—Oh, happy thou!—that cheering ray,
The harbinger of cloudless day,
Can never, never lead astray;
For 'tis thy Saviour's holy word,
It is the promise of thy Lord.
Soon shall the whirlwind's strife be o'er,
The rolling tempest rage no more,
The fury of the wintry storm
Shall cease to bend thy fragile form,
  The lightnings cease to play:
And the Redeemer's glorious light,
An everlasting sunshine bright,
  Shall shed its gladsome ray:

'Twas but, on earth, the transient gleam
That cheer'd thee with reflected beam,
The hope of brighter day;
But in unshadow'd glory there,
That light shall shine supremely fair,
Nor ever pass away.

Tired wanderer on a dreary waste!
In darkness and in horror placed,
Thy pains and toils shall cease;
Beyond that wild so dark and dread
On which thy feeble footsteps tread,
There is a land of peace:
A light, by grosser eyes unseen,
Conducts thee through the fearful scene,
And safely thou the storm mayst stem,
Led by the Star of Bethlehem.
With steady light, with brilliant ray,
'Mid snares and death it shews thy way;
Canst thou not see,
Beyond the darkness of the tomb,
Its radiant glory pierce the gloom,
And solace thee.

Life's stormy wild shall soon be pass'd,
A brighter scene shall dawn at last,
And he who was on earth so dear,
Thy best beloved, shall meet thee there,
And rest with thee in cloudless light,
For ever fair, for ever bright!

Queen Mary's MSS.

LETTER V.

Domestic Occurrences.

By the baubles that my eyes
Once have loved and now despise,—
Mean and worthless sacrifice,—
I have sought the hate to tame
Of my keeper's sordid dame;
And the offering that I made
Is by added freedom paid.
Now when dawns the morning ray,
Through the Park at large I stray;
Or when clouds tempestuous lower,
With my ladies, hour by hour,
Do I bid the needle fly
O'er my gaudy tapestry.
Gaily have we deck'd the gloom
Of our darkly pannell'd room:
There is seen the gallant knight,
Arm'd and mounted for the fight;

Gorgeous ladies meet the eye;
Stately castles tower on high;
Stag and dogs and horse, amain,
Scour, or seem to scour, the plain;
Vessels rest upon the deep;
Streams pellucid winding sweep;
Weeping willows o'er them bow,
To the answering trees below;
There, amid the branches green,
Is the splendid parrot seen;
Here the graceful pheasant stands,
And the peacock's tail expands;
And each little floweret fair,
Never fading, blossoms there.

Often, at the evening tide,
To the gallery I glide,
Whence, (the log-fire's ruddy glare
Leaving pierceless shadow there,)
I can gaze, unseen by all,
On the servants' cheerful hall.
Darkly through my prison-room
Lower'd the winter's twilight gloom,
When its precincts I forsook,
Gliding to my favourite nook:

From the chimney's huge extent,
Far the fire its radiance sent;
On the ribs of massive oak,
At the ceiling's height, it broke;
While, before my secret haunt,
O'er the gallery's polish'd front,
With its Gothic carvings dight,
All enriching, fell the light.

Brightly now the full-orb'd moon
Through the painted window shone,
While, cameleon-like, its hue
Changed as o'er the heavens it flew;
Like a herald from afar
Bringing peace, proclaiming war;
Now it flares a blood-red light,
Now obscured in shades of night,
Pale and sickly now 'tis seen,
Now an orb of emerald green;
Passing thus from pane to pane
Charms beyond its own to gain;
From those panes it brings to light
Beauties else conceal'd in night.
There (appropriate ornament)
Saints and kings and priests are blent;

There a light from heaven is shed
Round the Prophet's sacred head;
Beams of dazzling lustre fall
On the kingly coronal:
There a ray ascends on high
From the martyr's closing eye.
Dread, without, the wintry blast,
Round the howling turrets past;
Gay within, on every side,
Sounds of mirth were pealing wide;
(For when tempests rage aloof,
Sweeter seems the sheltering roof.)
Here the Fool, with jest and gibe,
Raised the laughter-loving tribe;
He, with mirth that knows no change,
Free through folly's realms to range,
Laughs with ever-varying whim
At the world,—the world at him;
But amid his careless glee
Arch and keen good sense I see;
I have mark'd his lofty dame
Writhe with agony and shame,
While his jest, with cut severe,
From her eyes has drawn a tear.

Now the happy festive throng
Tales of other days prolong;
Or, with breath suspended, court
Superstition's wild report;
Now they tell, at midnight's hour,
How with dance, in forest bower,
Round the brilliant fairy ring,
Leads his tribe the elfin king;
Here the sheeted ghost they shew,
Bursting from the tomb below,
At the midnight's awful time,
To avenge the murderer's crime;
Now the sportsman's boasts prevail,
Now the soldier's warlike tale;
Or the songs of Robin Hood,
Ranger bold and "archer good,"
Who (his merry men in green)
Oft in bright array was seen,
Sending forth his shafts of flame—
Shafts that never miss'd their aim;
While the tribute which he laid,
Freely to the poor he paid.
Now with joy the porter came,
Loud announcing DONALD's name;

"DONALD! DONALD!" shouted all,
As the stranger gain'd the hall:
Wrapp'd in plaid of varied hue,
On his head the bonnet blue,
On his back a precious store,
Hid in many a fold, he bore:
On the board his pack he laid,
Doff'd the bonnet and the plaid;
From his bald and reverend head,
Thin behind the gray locks spread;
On his storm-beat, time-worn face
Grief and toil had fix'd their trace;
Open brow and placid smile
Spoke a heart which knew not guile;
While, with thoughts conceal'd and high,
Shone at times his changeful eye:
Round him did the menials throng;
And the jester's joyous song,
With his capers high in air,
Did *his* pleasure, too, declare;
While across the festive hall
Ranger came without a call;
Round him crouded every child,
And on each the old man smiled.
When at last the stranger bland
All around had lent the hand,

To the bountiful repast,
(Nothing loth,) he turn'd at last,
While the maids, with curious eye,
Strove within his pack to pry.
Many a deep and cordial draught
There the hardy veteran quaff'd;
Long he on the viands fed,
O'er the massive board dispread,
Ere his wonted seat he took
In the spacious chimney's nook;
And enquiries many a one
Made for others dead and gone;
Much he told of dangers past,
Much of mercies long to last;
But when ask'd the news he bore
From his native Scotia's shore,
Ere a moment's lapse had been,
Changed his venerable mien;
As he rose, a light more high
Flash'd from out his rolling eye;
Awful did his accents rise,
  Like a prophet's voice they rose,
Calling vengeance from the skies,
  And denouncing woes on woes;—

"In the firmament unknown,
Clouds in secret judgment spread,
Gathering, deepening in their frown,
Lower o'er Scotland's guilty head:
From her vales and mountains round
Doth the voice of blood arise,
Calling with prevailing sound
For the vengeance of the skies;
Nearer, while my accents flow,
Nearer draw the appointed times;—
Past the consummating blow,
Full the measure of her crimes:
When long suffering, slow to wrath,
Stay'd the avenger on his path,
Past the guilt, whose sable dye
Brings him in his anger nigh,
For her wrath was turn'd upon
Her, the Lord's anointed one—
Her, to Scotia's noblest dear—
Her, too bright to linger here!"
Ceased the high prophetic sound;
Breathless stillness reign'd around—
Stillness deep, as when the roar
Of the mountain thunder's o'er.

Slily glancing round the place
With a dolorous grimace,
Soon the Fool the silence broke,
Half in earnest, half in joke:—
"DONALD, wouldst thou, for thy Queen,
Give a fool a crown, if he,
Though no conjuror, I ween,
Show'd thy crownless Queen to thee?"[2]
In his wonted chair of state
There the hoary chaplain sate;
White his locks as mountain snow,
O'er his breast his beard did flow
Like the torrent's foam below:
Now, to make the babbler cease,
Rose, alarm'd, the man of peace:—
"Come, my reverend friend, I pray,
Glad us with a Scottish lay;
For in England's woodlands here,
Still the Scottish lay is dear;
Still can DONALD's mellow voice
Bid wild Hallam's race rejoice;
And the ready minstrel, see,
Tunes his harp to join with thee."
Still in trance extatic seen,
All unchanged his awful mien;

Changeless, too, his beaming eye,
Donald bow'd accordantly;
When the minstrel's harp was strung,
Thus the northern stranger sung.

Song.

How stately, and glorious, and grand,
The turrets of Edin aspire,
More proud than the rocks of the strand,
Or the mountains that round them retire:
Oh say, is that structure sublime
Which in beauty majestical towers,
Some relic unshaken by time
Of a race more exalted than ours?

And whence had yon people their birth,
In power and in majesty drest,
Their cradle the hills of the earth,
And rock'd by the wild winds to rest?
That structure so lofty and gay
Is of Scotia's monarchs the home;
And the people supporting their sway
Are yon race on the mountains who roam.

Where may we the Sovereign behold,
Of those towers and yon race which I see?
More great than the Cæsars of old,
The Queen of these regions must be.
Perchance in some dungeon's deep gloom,
By the race whom she govern'd opprest;
Perchance in the desolate tomb,
Where at last the oppressed may rest.

The reed were a surer support
Than yon high and invincible race;
Than Edin's magnificent court
In a cottage more safe were her place;
No more in our palace's bound,
She flits like a spirit of air;
Her accents no longer resound
With music unteachable there.

No longer the poor and opprest
In her their deliverer can see;
No longer the lost and distrest
To the arms of her mercy can flee:
She is gone from the place of her birth,
With the blessings she brought in her train,

And instead, on its blood-deluged earth,
Doth the curse of the murderer remain.

Oh, mark'd ye yon shriek in its force?
And heard ye yon death-shot rebound?
The valleys awoke at its course,
And the mountains replied to the sound:
Ye thought 'twas for HAMILTON'S wrongs,
The dire retribution was sent,
But tell not that tale in your songs,
'Twas in vengeance for MARY it went.

And when from each mountain around,
The voice of the pibroch shall call;
When nations shall meet at the sound,
And your great and your mighty shall fall;
Then weep ye, and sigh, and lament,
With you be confusion and guilt;
The havoc and carnage are sent,
For the blood which *your* hands shall have spilt.

Passing with the passing lay,
From my stand I stole away,

Pangs that might not be represt,
Struggling in my throbbing breast,—
Pangs that words were vain to shew,
Pangs that were not pangs of woe.

On the power for ever past
I no lingering look can cast,
While the guileless and the free
In their hearts acknowledge me.

Had I still possest the gem
Of my earthly diadem,
Ne'er, perchance, in worlds more bright,
Had I own'd a crown of light;
For in cloudless hours the heart
Doth from wisdom's ways depart;
Sorrow, from the dross of sin,
Purifies the soul within.

Thus, when springs the southern stream,
Where the hills with plenty teem,
Where the earth, and air, and sky
Smile around accordantly;
Though its rolling wave expands,
Where the gorgeous city stands;

Where the mighty and the gay
Gaze admiring on its way,
And the riches of the sphere
Are concentred round it there:
Though Golconda's jewels rare
On its bosom it doth bear;
While Arabia's perfumes go
With the gold of Mexico;
Fouler, darker doth it grow,
While its winding waters flow,
And in ocean when they lie,
Taint it with impurity.
But the rill that issues forth
From the mountains of the north,
With opposing cliffs at war,
As it winds its course afar;
Though upon a rocky bed
Is its rugged journey sped;
Though no lustrous jewels rest
On its deep and glassy breast;
Though no gold and perfumes rare
Shed their sweets or glitter there,
And the steep rocks wild and dread
Rise alone around its bed;—

Brighter, as they trace their line,
Do its devious waters shine,
Till so brilliant and so clear,
That the glories of the sphere
In its breast as splendid lie,
As they twinkle in the sky;
And at last the ocean-tide
By its lapse is purified.

NOTES TO LETTER V.

By the baubles that my eyes. P. 97.

THE disgraceful transaction here alluded to by the Royal Prisoner is too well authenticated, and is too much in unison with the rest of the conduct of the avaricious Countess, to leave any doubt respecting its truth. A list of the jewels *presented* by the captive Queen to the wife of her keeper is in the possession of the family of the Wilsons of Broomhead. If there be any difference between this mode of obtaining the property of the defenceless prisoner, and robbery, it is in the former being the most cruel. This apparently willing acquiescence of Mary, in the indelicate and unfeeling desire of the Countess, contributed, no doubt, to procure for the former more liberty and favourable treatment, during the first two years of her captivity at Sheffield Manor, than Elizabeth would have permitted, had she known of it. Besides, it may be imagined that the Earl would be disposed to favour his captive as much as he dare, since it was by no means improbable that she might become his future sovereign. Accordingly we afterwards find the captive Queen, when she thought him too severe, with considerable spirit and plainness insinuating, that, should such an event ever take place, he would fare accordingly. The indulgence, however, shewn by the Earl was not long in reaching the ears of the suspicious English Queen, whose orders and arrangements were consequently afterwards too strict for him greatly to evade with impunity.

O'er my gaudy tapestry. P. 97.

If all the tapestry which is still shewn at various places, as being the work of the Queen of Scots, were really such, she must have allowed herself little leisure time. That she did frequently so em-

ploy herself with the needle appears from the following extract from a curious and courtly letter written from Tutbury to Cecil by a servant of Queen Elizabeth, of the name of White:—

"I asked hir Grace, sence the wether did cut of all exercises abrode, how she past the tyme within: she sayd, that all the day she wrought with hir nydill, and that the diversitie of colors made the worke seme lesse tedious, and contynued so long at it till veray payn made hir to give over; and with that layd her hand upon hir left syde, and complayned of an old grief newely increased there. Upon this occasion she entered into a prety disputable comparison betwene karving, painting, and working with the nydel, affirming painting in hir owne opinion far the most comendable qualitie. I aunswered hir Grace, I coulde skill of neither of theme, but that I have redd *Pictura* to be *veritas falsa*. With this she closed up hir talke, and bydding me farewell, retyred to hir prevay chamber.

"But if I (whiche in the sight of God bear the Queene's Majestie a naturall love besyde my bounden dutie) might gyve advyse, there shulde veray few subjects in this land have accesse to or conferences with this lady. For besyd that she is a goodly personadge, (and yet in trouthe not comparable to our Souverain,) she hathe withall an alluring grace, a prety Scottishe speche, and a serching witt clowded with myldnes. Fame might move some to releve hir, and glory joyned to gayn might stir others to adventure moche for hir sake. Then joy is a lively infective sens, and carieth many perswasions to the hart, whiche rulethe all the rest. Myn owne affection, by seeing the Quene's Majestie our souverain, is doubled, and therby I gesse what sight might worke in others. Her heare of itself is black, and yett, Mr. Knolls told me that she weares heare of sundry colors."—*Burghley Papers.*

Her most partial friends could scarcely wish for a more lovely portrait than is here drawn of the Royal captive by this man, who was sent from her bitterest enemy, probably to traduce her fair fame; and though she was not "*in trouthe comparable to his Souverain*," she does appear, even from his shewing, to have been every way highly accomplished and engaging,—certainly too much so not to arouse afresh, with redoubled violence, all the jealousy and malignity of her inveterate rival.

Or the songs of Robin Hood. P. 101.

That noted outlaw or freebooter, Robin Hood, or Robert de Locksley, is too well known to render any very particular history of him here necessary. The copious, popular, antient ballad, entitled, "*Robin Hood's Garland*," with the more recent, yet almost equally popular description of him in *Ivanhoe*, have served to render him an interesting character with all ranks. His independence of spirit, his opposition to the impositions and fooleries of the clergy of his times; his skill in archery, his invincible bravery, his generosity and impartial

administration of justice among his followers, with his charity to the poor, have served not only to cancel his errors among the lower classes, but to exalt him into a hero. Like Homer, and many other characters of notoriety, the honour of giving him birth has been contested by many districts. That, however, of Locksley, or as it is now written, Loxley, lying within three miles of Sheffield, has undoubtedly the strongest claim. Long after the time of Queen Mary's captivity, the house at which he was said to have been born, at a place called Bur Wood, in Locksley Chase, was standing. The wells, the seats, the rocks, and other objects still bearing his name in the neighbourhood, are almost innumerable. Locksley Chase was then but a continuation of that extensive thickly-wooded district called Sherwood Forest, reaching to Nottingham, which was the scene of almost all his exploits.

LETTER VI.

Wharncliffe.

* * * *

NATURE was in her spring-robe dress'd,
When I, by TALBOT's kindness press'd,
Delighted left my splendid gaol,
To thread the deep-embowering dale:
With him and with his noble friend
A day at Wharncliffe Lodge to spend.
Down childhood's gently-prattling tide,
They two had voyaged side by side;
And still a blank in TALBOT's lot
It seem'd, when NORFOLK there was not;
To them the sun, the cold, the heat,
If hand in hand, alike were sweet,
And vainly did the storms essay
To part the travellers on their way:

Opposed to HOWARD's milder mien,
Great TALBOT's loftier form was seen,
And brighter, near that chieftain high,
Shone NORFOLK's winning courtesy.

While earthly splendour, wealth, and power
Were TALBOT's proudly-valued dower,
He still could prize the heavenward joy,
Of him, his friend, the pensive boy,
Around whose path there seem'd to lie
A deep and holy mystery;
In whose high hope a secret spell
Of awful worth appear'd to dwell.

Beside a stream, o'er craggy bed,
Through woody vale, our path-way led,
To where its sparkling waters play,
Beneath the rock-perch'd mansion gray:
High up the mazy path we sped,
With gloom of forest-boughs o'erspread;
Till far above the' embowering shade,
The antient Lodge our footsteps stay'd;
The good Sir EDWARD's greetings there,
Officious met our grateful ear:

His hospitable walls around
Extended o'er the rocky ground;
Below them lay, in wildest dress,
A scene of perfect loveliness;
Beneath the overhanging steep—
Gay smiling many a fathom deep—
The new-sprung foliage, bright and green,
Was in perpetual motion seen,
While through the woody vale profound
The *Don*, a silver serpent, wound.

Where westward rose, with wavy swell,
The boundary of a verdant dell,
Stood BROOMHEAD'S ancient moss-grown wall,
A yeoman's venerable hall;
Behind it desolation lay,
Before, in sylvan beauty gay,
In cloudless sunshine pure and bright,
A scene of glory met the sight;—
Such is the Christian's dying hour,
When dark behind the shadows lower,
When bright and cloudless spreads before,
A land where shades obtrude no more.

Far to the right above the wood
A ridge of high rocks proudly stood,
In which, as old traditions tell,
Did Wharncliffe's far-famed *Dragon* dwell.
While here we find our wild retreat,
A rugged stone our moss-grown seat,
The friends in careless accents told
The wondrous feats of times of old;
And still in desultory strain
Recall'd their boyish hours again,
When, visitants delighted here,
They scour'd the country far and near.
First NORFOLK told how TALBOT's might
O'erthrew the wild bull in the fight,
When backward shrunk the venturous band,
Nor dared to lend the helping hand;
How raised o'er earth to height sublime,
The beetling cliff he dared to climb,
To gain—a glance with wonder fraught,
A word, a whisper, or a thought.
Next TALBOT's grateful accents told,
How NORFOLK, in his peril bold,
Had saved him from the grisly boar,
And stretch'd the monster in his gore;

Or fearless braved the whelming wave,
To snatch him from a wat'ry grave.
When nearer drew the closing day,
And homeward pass'd we on our way,
A story of the days of old,
By NORFOLK's gentle accents told,
A simple legend, rude and wild,
The passing moment long beguiled.

Lady Isabel,

OR,

WHARNCLIFFE CHASE.

OH, many a moon its new-born ray
On Wharncliffe's woods has shed;
The sun around his annual way
Through following years has sped;—

Since, 'mid that desolated scene,
The church-yard dome was rear'd;
And, scatter'd o'er the dappled green,
The shepherds' cots appear'd;

Still towers in legendary lay
That splendid house of prayer;
Still tells the strain, how blest and gay
Those peaceful mansions were!

Full many a waning moon has died,
And sun's first lustre glow'd,
Since on high Wharncliffe's wood-clad side
Its fairest flow'ret bow'd.

Yet oft the cotters of the dale
By fond tradition tell
The wild and melancholy tale
Of *Lady Isabel.*

They paint her radiant as the bow
That shines when peace is near;
They say the wolf would tranquil grow
That lady's voice to hear.

Oh, she was pure!—the rustic lay,
Of worth delights to tell;
But none, when praising, dared to say,
As good as Isabel.

A youth return'd across the main,
Who sought the maiden's grace;
Each charm a maiden's heart to gain,
Adorn'd *Sir Eldred's* face.

For loftiest genius, bold and strong,
Did from his dark eye break;
Inspired the accents of his tongue,
And flush'd his mantling cheek.

By all that genius e'er could lend,
He held the wondering crowd;
Oh, was it much that she should bend,
Where all beside her bow'd?

Before his power her guileless heart,
An easy conquest, fell;
Artless herself, she fear'd not art
In him she loved so well.

And hope light hover'd o'er her head,
On airy pinions borne;
And dreams of bliss were round her spread,
Till rose the bridal morn.

That morn, which o'er the blushing bride
A veil transparent threw,
Tore from her spouse the veil aside,
That hid his soul from view.

Ere on his brow, by circling time,
The pride of man was thrown,
Through every path of guilt and crime
Had young Sir Eldred flown:—

Till, past those joys by sin bestow'd,
Which leave a hell behind,
The woes which to himself he owed,
He wreak'd on all his kind.

For in that mighty soul, possest
Of powers before unknown,
The void whence fled each former guest,
Was fill'd by HATE alone.

And deem not thou, with youth's warm fire,
He did that maid prefer;
No;—'twas from *hatred to her sire*,
And not from love to *her*.

* * * *

Beside Sir Eldred's mansion high—
The mansion of his sire—
Aspiring to the ambient sky,
Arose the hallow'd spire.

There to its font, in early youth,
His fathers had been borne;
Their marriage-vows of love and truth
Were at its altar sworn.

Beneath its consecrated mound,
Which holy lips had blest,
Themselves and vassals, slumbering round,
Lay undisturb'd at rest.

Beside its walls, of youthful sport
The ever-varied scene,
Of tranquil age the loved resort,
Lay spread the cheerful green.

The village rose in beauty near;
'Twas joy adorn'd the spot,
That trimm'd each blooming garden there,
And deck'd each woodbined cot.

* * * *

"Attend," the dark Sir Eldred cried,
"Attend, fair Isabel;
A plan to please my chosen bride,
To charm her soul I tell.

"Where rises superstition's pile,
The spacious chase shall spread;
And where yon meads of verdure smile,
Shall ring the courser's tread;

"The spreading forest I will clear,
Each lowly cottage fell;
And there delighted thou shalt hear
The dappled wild hart bell.

"I love to hear the bugle-horn;
To see the gaudy train;
I love to mark at early dawn
Their coursers scour the plain;—

"And more than all I love to hear
The dying victim's wail,—
That sound of torture and of fear,
Upon the evening gale.

"Oh spare, oh spare," the lady said,
"Oh spare thy native seat;
The forest's venerable shade,
Our father's loved retreat.

"The haunts I love, Sir Eldred, spare;
And dare not to oppress
The inmates of that village fair,—
The home of happiness."

"Is it the home of happiness?"
His dreadful voice exclaim'd;
"Is it my father's loved recess,
And thine, my youthful bride?

"Then let the loud destructive stroke
From every roof resound,
And let each venerated oak
Be levell'd with the ground.

"I thank thee, lady! Mine be now
The work I love the best,
To shade with clouds the cloudless brow,
To rend the peaceful breast.

"No more shall slumber seal my eye,
Nor sleep my senses quell,
Till in this silent boundary
The wild hart's call shall swell;
Here will I hear that welcome cry,
Or I *myself* will *bell*."

A moment changed the Lady's mien,
More high her form arose,
Of fearful light her glance was seen,
Her livid lips unclose.

Was it the light of prophecy,
That shone within the lady's eye?
Was it the seer's sacred fire,
That bade her stately form aspire?
The words that from her lips then came,
Futurity did they proclaim?

"Yes! fell," she said, "this fabric high,
These peaceful dwellings fell,
Nor e'er shall slumber seal thine eye,
Till here the hart's call swell;
Here thou shalt hear that welcome cry,
Or thou *thyself* shalt *bell*."

Hush'd was the sound,—her blue eye wore
The same mild meaning as before;
Her gentle form, as lovely shew'd,
In soft persuasion meekly bow'd;
And when Sir Eldred's towering mien
Was in redoubled fury seen;
When flash'd his eye,—unconscious she
For what that fearful glance could be.

Months pass'd away;—where rose the pile,
The spacious chase was spread;
Where erst the mead was seen to smile,
Loud rang the courser's tread;

The mighty forests all were clear'd,
Each lowly cottage fell;
And many a goodly hart appear'd,—
But none were heard to bell.

The huntsmen swept the hallow'd bound,
Where erst devotion wept;
Their coursers' footsteps shook the mound,
In which their fathers slept;—

The rustic left his native cot,
A distant home to rear;
—Oh, never joy adorn'd *that* spot,
And hope came never there!

Months pass'd away;—in silent clay
At last the lady slept:
She mourn'd no longer day by day;
No more by night she wept.

Her lifeless form they slowly bore
Along the new-made chase;
Across the spot where heretofore
Arose the holy place.

But there behold, assembled round,
The congregated deer;
The coursers, as they press'd the mound,
Seem held by magic there.

And there immoveable they stood,
Till holy men invoke,—
And waving high the holy rood,
The spell mysterious broke.

The lady slept in clay-cold bed;
But from that lady's cheek,
'Twas said there never wholly fled
Life's last faint lingering streak.

* * * * *

Oh, strangely alter'd from the morn—
That morn of sin and shame—
On which his dreadful vow was sworn,
Sir Eldred's form became.

Still paler grew his wither'd face,
Till life's last tinge was dead;
And from his form of perfect grace,
Its strength and beauty fled;—

When every trace of man was flown
From each gaunt bony limb;
'Twas deem'd the silent tomb alone
Could then remain for him.

But still through many a weary year
He lived, a spectral form,
To haunt the scene of pain and fear,
Of darkness and of storm.

And often, in the silent night,
Was heard his fearful groan,
As by the pale moon's misty light
He wander'd forth alone.

The huntsmen mark'd him on the lea,
And on the mountain's crest;
But *never, never* could they see
Sir Eldred's form *at rest.*

* * * *

High o'er the hills, when sad and drear,
At midnight's solemn noon,
Look'd from the misty hemisphere
The cold and watery moon,—

Re-echoing from the rocks around,
In long continuance fell
A deep, and sad, and piercing sound,
As when the wild harts bell.

Such call, ere then, was never known,
To echo from that green:
The huntsman gazed,—but there alone
Sir Eldred's form was seen.

Again he look'd, where erst the fane
Had caught the orient ray;
Stretch'd on the desolated plain,
The knight in slumber lay;—

And there, when dawn'd the light of morn,
His mangled form was found,
While many a hart with blood-tipt horn
Was seen to gambol round.

'Tis said that on that fated night
The interdiction fell;
That ever since, on Wharncliffe's height,
The deer are heard to bell.

The banish'd rustics loved to hear
That soft and plaintive call
Resound their former dwellings near,
Or on the breezes fall:

But yet, in that deep solitude,
At times a belling cry
Re-echoed from the mountains rude,
From which they still would fly.

When from the chase's ruin'd bound,
It came amid the night,
The lated pilgrim shunn'd the sound,
—He knew the Spectre Knight.

Such is the legendary tale,
That charms the cotters of the dale:
Such is the lay whose long renown
From sire to son hath journey'd down;
And well I deem, which every race
Would with an added marvel grace,
Until the simple tale of eld
Had to romantic wonder swell'd.

* * * *

Slowly by the streamlet's side,
On our homeward way we hied;
For in breathless stillness here,
Nature slept in glory clear;
All its influence to my heart
Did that tranquil hour impart;

And our footsteps, void of care,
Could not choose but linger there.

Raised in splendid pomp on high,
Nature's fabled deity,
Bright above the mountains' height
Shone the sun in cloudless light;
Far beneath, the landscape gay
Basking in his glory lay;
Proudly roll'd the glittering stream,
Changed to crystal by his beam:
O'er the trees, whose verdant crest
Slumber'd on the mountain's breast,
Thousands of delicious hues
Did his kindling light diffuse;
Animated by his rays,
Warblers pour'd their hymns of praise;
Flowerets on their pedals slim
Silent turn'd to worship him,
And in rainbow lustre spread,
At his shrine their incense shed;
While in brightest, purest blue,
Where no stain defiled its hue,
Where no cloud unroll'd its gloom,
Spread the ceiling of his dome.

Lower sank that glorious light,
Milder grew its splendour bright;
Oft the mountain's towering brow
Hid the evanescent glow,
Till, beneath their summits hoar,
Set the orb to shine no more:
—Slowly from the concave vast,
Then its tint of glory past;
Flowerets in their humble beds
Closed their leaves and bow'd their heads;
One by one the choral throng
Ceased their love-enkindled song;
And the air, whose power erewhile
Bade our hearts with nature smile,
From its slumbering gales of balm,
Breathed a deeper, holier calm.
To the influence of that hour,
That omnipotence of power,
Like the harp-strings to the wind,
All my spirit I resign'd,
Till, beneath its deep controul,
Pensive feeling fill'd my soul,
And in silent pomp again,
(An interminable train,

On the page of memory cast,)
Came the visions of the past;
—Of the throne I held no more,
Of the thorny crown I bore;
When, mellifluous from the dale,
Sang a lonely nightingale:
Like a vision fled the train,—
Never had I heard that strain,
Since I roved, in days long gone,
Through the woods of Chatillon;
In a moment at its swell,
Potent as a magic spell,
Hopes and joys that were my own,
Ere a sceptre's woes were known,
Clearly mark'd in lustre bright,
Flash'd again in memory's light,

Then the hours of infancy
To my soul again were nigh,
When each breeze that hail'd the spring,
Came with "joyaunce on its wing,"
When with youthful life and love,
Lightly as the boughs above
Danced my heart with rapture gay;
And each flower that strew'd my way,

Was a richer prize to me,
Than Peruvian wealth could be.
Oh, how dark the shades of night
Frown'd beside that glimpse of light!
I had for a regal throne
Left the woods of Chatillon;
But that throne, and pomp, and state,
Gain'd alone my people's hate;
O'er me rush'd the tide of grief,
Till in tears I found relief.

NOTES TO LETTER VI.

To thread the deep-embowering dale. P. 117.

THE following description of this valley, from the pen of a native, is as correct and faithful as it is poetical :—

" Not where the poet joins thee with the son
Of utmost Tweed, and calls thee 'gulphy Don;'*
But where deep vales, with woodlands over-head,
Hear the hoarse murmurs from thy craggy bed,
As down rough steeps, where rock on rock is piled,
Thy stream runs crystal, and thy banks are wild:
Dear to my childhood were the banks of Don:
As year to year succeeding passes on,
And memory still is adding to her store
Of hoarded sweets, she never charms me more
Than when she leads me, or by day or dream,
Through the wild beauties of my native stream.
From Wharncliffe Wood, where, yet unknown to fame,
The moorland torrent falls without a name,
To where the Loxley, down his shelving bed,
Rolls to the Don his waters tinged with red;
No whispering reeds, no mead like velvet neat,
Tempts to his banks the summer-wanderer's feet;
But broken ground and scatter'd stones are there,
And roots long wash'd by wintry torrents bare;
Tall woods descending meet the water's edge;
Swift sluices, gushing down the rocky ledge,
Far o'er the windings of the foot-path way
In misty showers throw the hoary spray:
And many an image memory supplies
From these bold scenes of youthful enterprize:
That bridge, mere beam, how firmly it has stood
On those high butments raised above the flood;

---

* "'Rivers, arise! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Don,
Or Trent.'" MILTON.

Time was when I have cross'd it with delight;
Now fancy's head turns giddy at the sight;
Here have I listen'd to the murmuring tide,
Which down the ford of rough stones ripples wide;
And heard the breeze at intervals repeat,
From distant forge, the hammer's sullen beat,
Till from his haunt of rock or sloping tree
The trout has flounced, and broke my reverie,
As the gray gnat, green drake, or alder flies,
Or willow blossom, tempted him to rise.
Up that thick coppice, though so rough and steep,
Where white-topt rocks through oaken bushes peep,
How have I climb'd, when, round my native home,
A boy, with other boys, I used to roam:
This little rill, which struggles by your side,
And fain would emulate the river's pride,
O'er rocks in miniature and hazel roots,
Falls into foam, or through some gullet shoots,
Where smaller trout, to watch their prey, will hide,
Beneath the moss that waves along the side,—
This rill I've traced in all its devious course,
Up from its conflux to the spring its source."

HOMFRAY'S *Thoughts on Happiness.*

This is only one of many similar valleys which abound in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. Those down which the clear, sparkling streams of the Sheaf, the Porter, the Rivelin, and the Loxley flow, are all lovely sylvan scenes, though each is distinguished by its own peculiar characteristics. There is, however, *one*, which belongs to them all, and perhaps to no other in the world,—the frequent occurrence of the Grinding Wheels, with their Dams, and other picturesque accompaniments.

The antient Lodge our footsteps stay'd. P. 118.

But few of the streams which run among these hills can bear away the palm for picturesque beauty from this river, and in that part of its course immediately before it enters the parish of Sheffield, —I mean in the neighbourhood of Wharncliffe Chase, where the hills are finely clothed with native woods, and rise boldly, though not abruptly, from its banks, till they place the visitor on an elevation, from which he may command a prospect, rich, varied, extensive, and beautiful as eye can behold. On one of the highest peaks of these hills is a Lodge, built in the time of King Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas Wortley, for his pleasure "to bear the hart's bell," as an inscription, perfectly unique in its kind, cut on the face of the solid rock, informs us. In this house Lady Mary Wortley Montague spent much of the first two or three years of her married life, the earliest and the happiest. Here was born that singularly romantic character, her son.

She is, therefore, perhaps, not a wholly unexceptionable witness: but when she had seen, with the eye of a poet and enthusiast, most of the fine landscapes of Europe, writing from Avignon, she speaks of

a little Belvidere which she had constructed in the neighbourhood of that city, as commanding the finest land prospect she had ever seen, *except Wharncliffe.**

Did Wharncliffe's far-famed Dragon *dwell.* P. 120.

"Wharncliffe is the scene of the old ballad of 'The Dragon of Wantley,' and a cleft in the rocks is now called the Dragon's Den.

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* "See her correspondence, published by Mr. Dallaway, vol. iii. Wharncliffe is five miles from the town of Sheffield to the north. It is partly a forest and partly a deer-park. It is still a member of the great estate of the Wortley family, and is now the property of James Archibald Stuart Wortley, Esquire. Its *sea of wood*, and its command of a prospect of almost unrivalled extent and magnificence render it one of the most grand and imposing scenes imaginable. If in the midst of such truly magnificent scenery the mind can turn to objects so insignificant, three seats may be discovered cut in the solid rock, *vivoque sedilia saxo*, and probably intended to accommodate those who sought to enjoy this enchanting scenery. Near to them, and also cut on the living rock, or on what is technically called a ground-fast stone, is the inscription noticed in the text. For more than two centuries it was exposed to every blast that blew; but having been originally cut in a fine bold character, it is still legible, and it has long been protected from any further injury from the weather by a small shed built over it by the late Mr. Edward Wortley Montague. Little care was taken by any previous preparation of the stone itself to fit it to receive the inscription, and it is quite consistent with the romantic character of the inscription itself, to suppose that Sir Thomas was content with such a superficies as nature presented to him. Some of the letters have nearly perished, but the following may probably be taken as the true reading. The lines are of unequal length, accommodated to the irregular form of the stone:—

Pray for the saule of
Thomas Waryttelay knyght
for the kyngys bode to Edward
the forthe Rychard therd Hare the bii. & Hare biii.
hows saules God perdon wyche
Thomas rawsyd a loge to be made
hon this crag ne mydys of
Wanclife for his plesor to her the
hartes del in the yere of owr
Lord a thousand cccc x.

The unique singularity of this inscription attracted at nearly the same period the attention of two very popular writers of our own age —the one the most elegant of all our topographers, the other the most topographic of all our poets,—Dr. Whitaker and Mr. Walter Scott: And may not the wild search after *written mountains* in the Deserts of Arabia, by the last of the Wortley-Montagues, be traced to impressions received from this written rock on which his infancy was cradled?

Mr. HUNTER's *Hallamshire.*

The age and the subject-matter of this puzzling old ballad have much perplexed the investigators of our popular antiquities, and collectors of our national poetry. Its date is fixed to a period before the Reformation by the mention of More of More-hall, who cuts so conspicuous a figure in it,—that family becoming extinct in the time of Edward VI.: and the true key to its subject I have no doubt is to be found in the tradition of the neighbourhood respecting Sir Thomas Wortley, which I shall present to the reader as it was committed to writing by a Yorkshire clergyman, Mr. Oliver Heywood, of Coley, near Halifax, a hundred and fifty years ago:—'Sir Francis Wortley's great grandfather being a man of a great estate was owner of a towne near unto him, onely there were some freeholders in it, with whom he wrangled and sued untill he had beggared them and cast them out of their inheritance, and so the town was wholly his, which he pulled quite downe, and laid the buildings and town-fields even as a common, wherein his main design was to keep deer; and made a Lodge, to which he came at the time of the year and lay there, taking great delight to hear the deer bell. But it came to passe that before he dyed he belled like a deer, and was distracted. Some rubbish there may be seen of the town; it is upon a great moore betwixt Peniston and Sheffield.'"

Ibid.

The circumstance last mentioned is in all probability the foundation of the ballad of Sir Eldred and the Lady Isabel, as given at full length by Queen Mary, which, as far as I know, has never before been published.

LETTER VII.

The Mountain's Brow.

When smiled in peace the Sabbath morn,
By holy aspiration borne,
Earth and its cares I left below,
And wander'd to the *mountain's brow.*

The earth beneath diminish'd lay;
The heavens expanded stretch'd away;
Beside me, in their earliest dress,
The mountain birch hung motionless;
Tinged with a shade of loveliest gray,
The silver clouds unsailing lay;
Between their folds the sun-beams bright
Cast on the verdure isles of light,
Around whose edge a purple shade
Their brilliant beauty brighter made.

All nature shared the sacred rest
Of this the day that God had blest,
Save where the lark's mellifluous song
Floated the distant clouds among;—
If such it were,—I rather deem'd,
So pure, so sweet, the cadence seem'd,
An angel to our earthly sphere
On this blest day allured here,
Mid way in air reposed to raise
His matins of celestial praise:
The streams no more were seen to flow,
The vocal woods were silent now,
The stately vills, the lofty halls,
The lowly shepherd's white-wash'd walls,
The mouldering abbey's sacred gloom,
The mighty castle's lordly dome,
The town, that faint in distance peer'd,
Alike deserted all appear'd.
Survivor of a perish'd race,
I seem'd in loneliness to stand,
Sole tenant of that mighty place,
The Temple of Jehovah's hand;
He laid, He deck'd the enamell'd floor,
The vaulted dome his power upbore.

On that high stand, alone with God,
Earth's nearest step to heaven, I trod;
Above, below, the sacred ground,
Within, without me, and around,
The Godhead manifested dwelt;
His power was seen, his goodness felt;
The pomps, the gaieties of life,
Its empty hopes, its fruitless strife,
Its vanities, its cares were lost,
And *love* alone my soul engross'd:
My heart with holy rapture burn'd,
While lost in thought my spirit turn'd
The wonders of that spot to trace,—
And oh, methought, 'twas an awful place.

For it was on a mountain's brow,
When the windows of heaven on high,
And the founts of the deep below
Were ordain'd unclosed to lie;—

When for forty days and nights
Had the rains the earth assail'd,
And up to exceeding heights
The mighty floods prevail'd:—

When cover'd the hills by that tide,
With the wrath of Jehovah rife,
And all were dead beside,
In whom was the breath of life:—

One single living soul
Climb'd over the mighty flood,
Raised beyond its dread controul,
And *alone* the victim stood:—

Hope fled, which, since man had birth,
No power before could chase;
The trembler sought it *on earth*;
But with life it had left the place:

His eye to *heaven* he raised,—
God's wrath denied it there;
Within the mourner gazed,—
It was quench'd by guilt and fear:

He cast his glance *around*,—
In the Ark it still reposed;
But it nowhere else was found,
And the ark to him was closed!

Oh dreadful lot, that portion high,
Selected for the last to die;
As on the King of Terrors sped,
Condemn'd *to see* his gradual tread;
To feel through every stiffening limb
His icy arms surrounding him,
As, rising slow, with long delay,
They wound around their helpless prey.
Amid the pouring rain, the gathering flood,
The statue of despair the sinner stood,
Till o'er his head the rising waters closed,
And from his work of wrath the' avenging Lord
reposed.

It was on a mountain's brow,
That the olive of peace was found;
It was on a mountain's brow,
That the ark first touch'd the ground.

There NOAH his altar built,
And the sins of his race confess'd;
The sweet savour of sorrowing guilt
Arose from the mountain's crest.

There the Lord did his promise convey,
Till the earth's foundations fail,
For the seed-time, the night and the day,
The heat and the cold to prevail.

It was from a mountain's brow,
That NOAH beheld increase,
From the north to the south, the bow,—
The arc of the covenant of peace.

It was there in triumphant faith,
The patriarch stretch'd the hand;
And there was his offspring's death
Forbidden by God's command.

It was to Mount Sinai's height,
In thunder, in storm, and flame,
While earth quaked, and heaven stream'd with light,
That the Eternal Jehovah came.

It was thence that the Law was sent,
By the voice of the present Lord;
It was there to his servant was lent
The page of the written Word.

On Mount Carmel the prophet stood,
When he saw the shadowing hand,
Fraught with the refreshing flood,
That water'd the parched land.

And it was on a mountain's brow,
That the Lord of life and light,
While He sojourn'd here below,
Did ever the most delight.

It was on a mountain's crest,
Withdrawn from a world of strife,
He first to his followers address'd
The words of eternal life.

To a mountain's brow He came,
Retiring apart for prayer;
To a mountain the blind and lame
Were brought, and He healed them there:

It was on the mountain's height,
When glory around Him shone,
When his garments were white as the light,
And his face did shine as the sun:—

When they fell to the earth that beheld,
The veil was drawn aside,
And unearthly commuue He held
With spirits beatified.

It was on Calvary's mount,
That his precious blood did flow;
'Tis the stream from that holy fount,
That cleanseth all below.

And it was on a mountain's brow,
Retired with his chosen band,
That He rose, from the earth below,
To the throne at God's right hand.

Oh! then, if, than all the rest,
One place upon earth we know
More favour'd, more holy, more blest,
That place is *the mountain's brow.*

LETTER VIII.

Shiercliffe.

High towering, where the Don expands,
The wood-encircled Shiercliffe stands:
'Twas there, as old traditions tell,
The famed De Mountneys once did dwell,
Sir Arthur's self that hall did grace—
The worthiest knight of all his race:
And with fair Geraldine, his bride,
In blissful bonds of love did 'bide.
They, through their wide domains around,
Spread blessings to their utmost bound;
While all the joyful inmates there
Combined to bless the lovely pair:
All join'd but *one*—yet *he* was more
To them, than all possess'd before;

That *one* engross'd their hopes and fears,
Increasing with increasing years,—
That one, their *son*, their *only child*,
On them, his parents, never smiled;
Yet still, through each revolving year,
The wayward boy became more dear;
On him their earthly cares were bent,
For him to Heaven their prayers were sent;
Yet he with gloomy soul still strove
To thwart their wishes, spurn their love:
Sir ARTHUR felt the icy dart
Of cold repulsion freeze his heart;
His spirit sought a happier shore,
Where thankless children wound no more.

Long, where in earth Sir ARTHUR slept,
The child-deserted widow wept;
Nor wept alone, for many a tear
Of artless rustic trickled there;
And many a lordly eye would lave
The worthy knight's thrice-honour'd grave:
But OSWALD wept no father dead,
No bliss on living mother shed!
But when the law had to his hand
Consign'd the patrimonial land,

He closed the hospitable hall,
And, deaf to nature's, duty's call,
Essay'd in distant climes to gain
That peace which vice shall ne'er obtain:
There, long through paths of guilt he ranged;
—Can OSWALD change? Yes, *he* was changed.
In mercy, God through all his frame
Lit up the fever's raging flame;
And, when escaped the yawning grave,
Some heaven-directed hand then gave
A TALE, whose dread but blest control
Did harrow up the sinner's soul,
Set all his guilt in dark array,
And led to heaven and peace the way;—
To lasting, deep contrition led;
And this the Tale that OSWALD *read.*

The Parricide.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

PART THE FIRST.

Oh gaily do the sunbeams glow,
In all the land of Araby;
And bright the dancing streamlets flow,
And the perfumed breezes gently blow,
And the wild flowers blossom joyously:
But brightest do the sun-beams kiss
The lovely vale of *Albinis*;
There doth the streamlet gailiest glide
Beneath the lofty mountain's side;
The wanton breezes, as they play,
With richest odours load their way;
And every flower that scents the air,
Blossoms in fairest beauty there.

Oh, can there be a ray more bright
Than bathes that vale in floods of light?
Can there aught be seen to view more gay
Than those waters dancing on their way?

And can a fairer flower be found
Than those on that Elysian ground?
Yes!—brighter shines the light of bliss
On *her*, the chosen of *Pardis*,
And gayer than yon streamlet gay
Is the light heart of *Sefina*;
Though round her spring those flowerets fair,
She is the fairest floweret there.

Near the sweet vale of Albinis,
Where feeds his flock the blest Pardis,
Bright as the brightness of the skies,
The golden domes of Mecca rise;
To whose high towers is lent in trust
The blessed Prophet's sacred dust;
And near it stands the rocky shade,
In which his powerful prayers were made;
But yet the gazer's roving eye,
That views it from the mountain high,
Will often leave that holy tower
To rest upon Sefina's bower.

While circling years revolve along,
To that blest spot the pilgrims throng,

To pray above the Prophet's bed,
And in that hallow'd cave to tread;
But yet, where Mecca raises proud
Her domes of fire amid the cloud,
Beneath the cavern's awful shade
In which the blessed Prophet pray'd,
And e'en amid the holy gloom
That hangs around his very tomb,
Too oft the envying thought will stray
To the blest spouse of Sefina.

Is there a wish that *she* can form,—
That lovely flower of Albinis?
By love protected from the storm,
She basks beneath the sun of bliss.
Yes—she has dared, with steadfast will,
To claim another blessing still;
Her unsubmissive soul applied
For what in mercy was denied;
With prayers and tears she heaven assail'd,
Till importunity prevail'd.
And, guarded by her fostering care,
There sprang a little blossom fair.

Daughter of Araby, woe to the hour
When thou daredst to resist the' Eternal's decree,
The bud that thou deem'dst shall add grace to thy flower,
Shall be but as mildew and canker to thee!

The child was born, Sefina's joy,
Hardis the name she gave her boy;
Oh! with what bliss she hail'd his charms,
When first he bless'd her longing arms;
Oh! how she watch'd, with anxious care,
From every ill that child to spare;
The blithesome lark, not half so gay,
Marks the first dawning of the day;
Nor can the gentle turtle-dove
Watch o'er her brood with such a love.

There was such love her heart within,
That very love itself was sin;
For in the blessings of her lot,
The Hand that gave them was forgot;
Thus wandering in the paths of ill,
Can there for her be mercy still?

Yes!—for the angel now, whose care
O'er childhood holds its guardian sway,
From this false world's alluring snare
To take the feeble soul away,
And bear it to the realms of bliss,
Has sought the dwelling of Pardis;
And on that cherish'd infant's head,
His mighty hand in mercy laid.
Fled from that infant's cheek the rose,
More feebly did his lips unclose,
More faintly came his faltering breath,
And nearer drew the form of death.

Daughter of Araby, now is the hour
When thou yet mayst submit to the' Eternal's decree,
And yielding together the bud and the flower,
Be saved from the canker that's destined for thee.

All blasted as the myrtle green,
That on the desert's brink is seen,
When the dark siroc's withering blast
Hath o'er its vanish'd foliage past,
And all its loveliness hath sear'd,
Sefina's graceful form appear'd.

Thus cold and blighted, reft and torn,
By eve, by midnight, and by morn,
Above the faded flower she hung,
That to her genial shelter clung;
With murmuring voice she dared to cry
Unto the Lord, the Lord most high,—
"O give, O give the boon I crave,
O save my child, my Hardis save!
Or grant, if thou that boon deny,
That with the child the mother die!"

In changeless stillness all reposed,
No portal of her bower unclosed;
No breath disturb'd the sleeping air,
And yet there stood a Dervise there:
Wide spread his robe of pearly light,
Deep flow'd his beard of fleecy white;
Above that beard, like mercy's throne,
With light from heaven his aspect shone:
So oft, at evening's close, will rest
The light clouds on Albinis' breast,
So smiles, above, that mountain's crest.

"Sefina," the Dervise said,
"The petition thou hast made,

Not unheard hath reach'd the throne
Of the High and Lofty One;
Those who bow to *his* behest
Are of every good possest;
On *thyself* dost thou recline,
Lo, the envied boon is thine;
Feed the infant from thy vein,
And he shall revive again."

No more the Dervise by Sefina stood;
She pierced the vein,—her infant drank the flood;
Again the rose adorn'd his pallid cheek,
And in his eye did life and vigour speak;
His drooping form revived, he grew at length
To perfect beauty and to youthful strength;
Yet was the dreadful food that saved him then,
Insatiate sought again, and yet again;
He had not dared, when to his father known,
To drink that blood, more precious than his own;
But of his *mother* he could ne'er in vain
The dreadful boon endeavour to obtain;
More dear was he than when that mother's kiss
First press'd his lips in ecstasy of bliss;
More dear was he, than when, with frantic care,
She won his life by agony of prayer:

There was to her a magic in his eye;
There seem'd a spell in every word to lie;
And when Pardis his flock to distance led,
Upon Sefina's blood her offspring fed.

* * * *

There's a voice of woe in Albinis,
And loose her dark locks flow,
The chosen partner of Pardis,
She is his *widow* now!
Oh, see on the clay-cold bier
The shepherd's form display'd;
They drop full many a tear,
Where that manly form is laid:
They call, in wild despair,
Upon his name in vain;
He comes not at their prayer,
—He ne'er shall come again.

Oh weep ye, weep ye, but not for him,
Who lies outstretch'd on the silent bier;
He is at peace,
His sorrows cease,
We would not, if we could, recall him here.

Oh, weep not for him who can weep no more,
But for her whose sorrows are yet in store;
Yet weep ye not that she's dispossess'd
Of the graceful youth whom she loved the best,
If indeed he *was* dearest to her breast;
Weep not because her shepherd's smile
No more her sorrows shall beguile;
That those fond eyes, so bright before,
Are closed in death for evermore;
Nor that his form, of perfect light,
Must be consign'd to silent night;
Oh, weep not because she's of him bereft,
But weep that the *son* to her is left.

PART THE SECOND.

Two circling moons have past away;
We will seek the vale of Albinis,—
That spot with light and splendour gay,
That home of beauty and of bliss;

Still doth the sun, with golden gleam,
Upon that lovely valley beam;
Still doth its stream, in glassy light,
Frolic beneath the mountain's height,
And brightly still its flowerets glow,—
They are its *fairest* flowerets now!
There's nothing now to view more gay
Than that light streamlet's blithesome play;
Nor can a brighter light be found
Than shines that beauteous vale around;
For all deserted is the bower
Of her—that valley's fairest flower.

Where sleeps her Pardis, cold and low,
Behold the woe-worn widow bow;—
Rend with wild hands her raven hair
In desolation of despair,
And water, with a briny tear,
Each springing blade that riseth there.
Hark! steps that eagerness betide,
Lo, Hardis seeks his mother's side;
Oh, comes he there, by anguish led,
His filial tears with hers to shed?—
Comes he to chase the changeless gloom
That hovers round that honour'd tomb;—

And, with the noble friends to guide,
Had traced the mouldering abbey wide.

The setting sun's last lingering smile
Had caught the ruins of the pile,
And tinged with brighter, lovelier glow
The aged trees which round it grow:
So fair it seem'd, as if around
The sportive fays their haunt had found;
As if a paradise of flowers
Had sprung beneath their verdant bowers.
And yet beneath those flowers were spread
The silent mansions of the dead;
The ruins of the human race,
And ruins of their resting-place.

We nearer drew, and yet more fair
Appear'd the green boughs waving there:
'Twas thus, methought, at day's bright close,
When loud the pealing anthem rose,
And when the holy sons of God
This sanctuary's precincts trod,
Ye smiled in beauty round the pile,
And they are gone, and still ye smile:

Bright round their *dwellings* did ye wave,
Ye bloom as sweetly o'er their grave.

Awful it is, when all around
Of kindred loneliness is found,
To view the mouldering temple's gloom,
And tread the chambers of the tomb;
Where lonely heaths, where deserts spread,
'Midst desolation wild and dread:
But ask ye scenes which most impart
A sadness to the feeling heart,
Go seek them where the sacred pile
To ruin falls 'midst nature's smile,
Where all around the gay flowers spring,
Where sport the flocks, the warblers sing,
And where the bright green branches wave
Above the darkness of the grave;
There, doth a sadder language speak
Than can the tear on beauty's cheek.

Wide was the massive portal cast;
Beneath the arch the sun-beams past,
And, spreading far their broadening light,
Display'd the drear, appalling sight:

Half-hidden through the solemn gloom,
An aged man beside a tomb
Was seen to bend, while to his breast
The holy cross with warmth he prest;
The chasten'd light around him fell,
It lit the lorn, the dank, cold cell;
It shew'd the altar, sunken, rent,
And warm'd the damp, green monument;
It reach'd the high tower's ruins gray,
It glazed the climbing ivy's spray:
Through all the mansions of the dead,
'Midst desolation wild it spread,
Yet fired the old man's faded eye
With more than wonted ecstasy;
His mien, where joys unearthly show'd,
With secret, speechless rapture glow'd.

Respect forbade, with footsteps rude
On such devotion to obtrude;
At length his glance around he cast,
To learn from whence the shadows pass'd;
With accent mild he begg'd our stay,
And to his cloister led the way:
A coffin rude, with rushes spread,
His chest by day, by night his bed,

A shelf with books, and maple bowl,
A table, seat, a vest, a cowl,
With staff and scrip, and cross and beads,
Sufficed to serve the hermit's needs.
He said, "When Henry's impious hand
Had spoil'd the temples of the land,
I, with three holy brethren nigh,
Remain'd to weep, to pray, to die.
'Twas all we could; the world had ne'er
Engross'd a hope, a wish, a fear;
To us unknown, 'twas all unfit
For men like us, and we for it:
Each dug his grave for final rest,
And each at night his coffin press'd;
The hand of charity supplied
The food required.—My brethren died:
And mine is now the lonely lot,
Last tenant of this sacred spot.
"And is it not a lot most dread,
To dwell, the living with the dead,
Where desolation's baleful train
Usurp religion's blest domain?"
Oh, lady, no! for to my thought
This scene with hope and joy is fraught;

For though, where anthems rose on high,
Re-echoes now the bittern's cry,
Though here no more does incense soar,
Though sacred flames ascend no more,
And though the bread of life again
Shall ne'er from hence with hope sustain;
These silent regions of the tomb
In me awake no painful gloom;
They bid me seek that place on high,
Where anthems peal eternally;
Where the Lord God the light shall pour,
Aud praise, like incense, ever soar;
Where all his saints shall taste above
New, with their Lord, the food of love.
Nor do I consolation find,
Arising solely from the mind;
For all around me can impart
Some truth enlivening to my heart;
To me come voices from the hill,
Ten thousand tongues the night-air fill;
Each flower that blossoms at my feet,
With hope and solace is replete;
Each bird that skims the air along
Has joyaunce in its love-tuned song;

The sun, receding from the height,
Imparts a lesson of delight;
The floweret sleeps to bloom again,
The bird to pour a blither strain;
The sun, descending from the skies,
With renovated beams shall rise,
And from the dark tomb withering,
My spirit shall to glory spring;
Though ceasing here my songs, of praise
The choir of heaven shall hear my lays.

"Oft when my eyes admiring rest
Upon the mountain's lofty crest,
Which rose ere I on earth had been,
To be when I no more am seen;
When to the stars I raise my eye,
Resplendent beaming from the sky,
Which thus, when yet I was not, shone,
And thus shall shine when I am gone,—
I send my glance, with range sublime,
Beyond the bound of space and time;
When they shall wane and pass away,
And I shall rise to endless day."

"My father! wisdom's words are thine,
Derived, I deem, from source divine;
Remote, thou from the world hast trod,
In ways well pleasing to thy God;
But yet, I ween, though strait the way
Conducting to the realms of day,
In paths diverse our feet may tread,
Yet there, alike, at last be led."

"Oft," he replied, "I turn my eyes,
Where high yon Appenines arise,
And think how from those mighty hills
Are sent the east and western rills,
Which in diverging courses play,
As on they wind their separate way;
What though the same, the heaven-sent shower,
That gives their earth-refreshing dower,
What though the self-same dew on high
Affords to both their pure supply;
Yet who, that saw them, could divine
That rills diverse like them would join;
But yet within the boundless main
At length their waters meet again."

* * * *

Months pass'd away; again my feet
Explored that sacred, lone retreat;
Wide open stood the cell's rude door;
The *holy man* was there no more;
The grave's dark, yawning mouth was closed!
In that his sleeping dust reposed.

This, this, MATILDA, cannot be
The work of Christian charity!
'Tis extirpation, not reform,
Has raised this devastating storm:
Nor church, nor churchman's faults or crimes,
Have roused the vengeance of the times,
But sordid avarice, that can dare
With sacrilegious hand to tear,
From God and godly men, the meed
By humble faith and love decreed!
Can devastation, murder, theft,—
The house of God of all bereft,—
Be well or pleasing in *his* sight,
Whose name is Love, whose way is Light;—
To Him who gave his only Son
To die for crimes that worms had done?
MATILDA, no!—whate'er the end,
None ever can the means defend.

NOTE TO LETTER IX.

The holy pile of Beauchief stands. P. 175.

"THE founder of the Abbey of Beauchief was Robert Fitz Ranulph de Alfreton, lord of Norton, and of many other places in the county of Derby. He laid the foundation in the year 1183, and the work was completed about the time when De Furnival married the heiress of De Lovetot. This was doubtless a work contemplated with no little satisfaction by the people of Sheffield, who, while they saw its walls rising on the very borders of their parish, anticipated that they should have the opportunity of being edified by the devotion and manner of life of a description of persons, to whose support in a distant country, which few of them had ever visited, a large portion of the produce of their labour was annually devoted. They might now also look to enjoy those advantages of religious instruction and consolation, and of the orderly performance of the rites of their religion, which the proximity of a monastic establishment afforded; not to mention that there were crumbs falling from the well-spread board that were thankfully accepted by the neighbouring poor. This House, therefore, soon became popular among its neighbours at Sheffield."

Mr. HUNTER's *Hallamshire.*

LETTER X.

The Deed of Vengeance.

In the high places of the world,
How often do the lowly stand;
How often are the mighty hurl'd
To the off-scouring of the land!
Where once the wilderness was found,
We see the stately city rise;
And where the city spread around,
A scene of desolation lies;
The kingdom, like the cedar spread,
Is as the hyssop on the wall;
The humblest state exalts its head,
Raised like the cedar over all;
How doth the evil change to good!
How mutable is all we see!

With sword and spear, with fire and brand,
In devastation swept the land.

More baneful than the *simoom's* blast,
O'er hill and dale that train have pass'd,
And now approach the blissful lands,
On which the vill of Hallam stands.

Oh! hark with what force from each mountain
around,
Doth the blast of Earl WALTHEOF's bugle rebound;
He has blown the dread horn which for ages has slept,
At whose call from the heather his fathers have leapt;
Oh! would that that sound, from the field of the slain,
Could summon the forms of his fathers again!
He has buckled the armour preserved, by whose
might
His fathers all-conquering have rush'd to the fight;
Oh! would at the sight, from their dark bed of gore,
His fathers might rise up, and conquer once more!
Ah! seed of the mighty, it is not to be;
Earth opes not her bosom to yield them to thee;
But see, at thy calling, to dauntless emprize,
The sons of those fathers awake and arise.

Behold the vast army!—no warrior there,
With the blood of a foeman, has yet stain'd his spear;
At the sound of the horn they have quicken'd their pace,
But it was but to haste to the joys of the chase;
They have loved to resort to the tumult and throng,
But it was but the meeting of mirth and of song;
The weapons they bear have with carnage been stain'd,
But rusting for ages since then have remain'd;
Is this, then, the armour, is this, then, the band,
That opposed to the legions of WILLIAM shall stand?

Yonder they come, the dire, the dread;
Their fury is a wasting flame;
They sank, the dying and the dead,
Where'er the conflagration came;
And desolation marks behind,
The track in which its volumes wind;
In Rivelin's vale it stays its course,
For food has fail'd to feed its force;
But yonder, from the mountain's brow,
I see the destined victims wend;

Oh! they shall feed its fury now,
Its blaze more dreadful shall ascend;
Its touch shall blight with curse more dread;
Its desolation wider spread;
The high, the low, the yôung, the old,
The proud, the noble, and the bold,
The feeble and the mighty,—all
Before that withering flame shall fall,
And it shall wind in vengeance on,
More fierce for what it feeds upon.

Ah! now behold it nearer glide,—
That motion on the mountain's side,—
Near, yet more near, on tip-toe tread,
On her closed lips her finger spread,—
Expectance stands; see Mercy bow,
Weeping the' anticipated woe;
While fancy views the raging fire
Increasing tenfold in its ire:
Down sinks the weight; the calm of night
Displaces all that baleful light;
Its power is crush'd; its reign is o'er;
That fire of death shall burn no more.
Not this the food whose kindling might
Shall raise the flame to fiercer height;

It is the torrent in its force;
It is the river on its course;
It is the cloud that on the fire
Has burst to bid its blaze expire.

Impetuous down the mountain's side
It rush'd,—that torrent of the brave;
The haughty Norman's flower and pride
Were crush'd beneath its whelming wave;
And few escaped it to relate
The story of their comrades' fate.
The torrent closed above its prey,
Nor left a trace of where they lay;
So time's deep tide has drown'd their fame,
And roll'd above each recreant name:
Back to their mountain-holds on high
Return'd the sons of liberty;
So shines their glory's quenchless light,
Raised o'er the crowd to loftiest height.
'Tis thus they sink in death and shame,
Who fight for carnage and for fame;
'Tis thus they triumph o'er their foes,
Who war for freedom and repose:
The arm, unpractised in the fight,
Shall foil the wily caitiff's might;

The sword, imbrued in guiltless gore,
Shall yield to that unstain'd before.

* * * *

From year to year, in WILLIAM's soul,
Did the dark storm of vengeance roll,
Till when at last his ruthless hand
Had won the rule of Albion's land;
When, in her lost, devoted state,
His word was law, his will was fate;
The clouds, so long in secret spread,
In horror burst on WALTHEOF's head:
He gave the word, and in his mien
Was the deep joy of vengeance seen;
He gave the word, that every stone
Of Hallam should be overthrown;
Full well was that command obey'd,
The mighty havoc soon was made,
And shortly each devoted stone
Of Hallam's walls was overthrown:—
He gave the word,—and far more keen
Was then the triumph of his mien,—
That Hallam's noblest should remain
With mighty WALTHEOF for his train;

And they had hewn the dungeon deep,
In which Earl WALTHEOF's form should dwell;
And forged the iron chains to keep
The prisoner in his silent cell;
That cell, in impotence of hate,
Ten fathom deep in earth was laid;
Those fetters were of vaster weight
Than human hands before had made;
But they are rusting in the shade,
Nor ever mortal limbs have bound;
No captive's form was e'er convey'd
To that vast cavern of the ground;
And not a man of Hallam's race
King WILLIAM's train did ever grace.

They fell upon their native earth,
Amid the hills that gave them birth;
The turf they loved in life to tread,
Blossom'd above their narrow bed;
The silver Rivelin's murmuring wave
Water'd the flowerets of their grave;
Their native Hallam's ruin'd bound,
A lasting record lay around.

Tyrant! the havoc *well* was wrought,
And Hallam's sons may thank thee long,
That, round the spot on which they fought,
Thou laid'st its ruin'd walls along,—
A record sure in time to be,
Of praise to them, of shame to thee;
Its dwellings were a home secure,
Its stones a monument more sure,
To those who fell;—and such a meed
The brave survivors shall not need;
For deeds were theirs that deathless last,
Now Hallam's mouldering stones are past.

Long did Earl WALTHEOF's arm of might
With Normans strew the field of fight;
And when, upon its gory mound,
His bleeding vassals sank around;
Safe through the dying and the dead,
His yet surviving troops he led;
Before him fell the hostile band,
Like corn beneath the reaper's hand.
And where, 'mid Bradfield's regions wild
Of old the painted Britons piled
Such mounds as seem'd not works of men,
Yet raised to crown them from the glen,—

Rocks such as on the level ground
Man moves not now,—a refuge found;
And in a land of slavery
Uprear'd the dwellings of the free;
Like one bright spot of verdure placed
Amid the ruins of the waste.

Forth from that spot at length, when peace
Had bade the shrieks of carnage cease,
They sallied to a safe retreat,
Where the gay Sheaf's clear waters meet
The sober Don;—in after time
'Twas there the Castle rose sublime,
And on the wild adjacent ground,
The walls of SHEFFIELD spread around.

MATILDA, Peace is not of earth;
She dwells in light, of heavenly birth;
The wicked chase her hence away;
The righteous vainly urge her stay;
I've sought her round the splendid throne,—
In prison gloom, when all alone;
In dreary wilds, and gay resorts,
In camps, in cottages and courts;

But all in vain; in all unknown,
Or, if perceived, as quickly gone.
Thou, too, MATILDA, know'st, I wot,
That peace on earth abideth not;
Then let us scorn this house of strife,
With every evil passion rife,
And seek, on wings of faith, to soar
To heaven, where peace is evermore.

NOTES TO LETTER X.

The silver Rivelin's murmuring wave. P. 195.

THE vale of the Rivelin (or Riveling) is one of those lovely retired spots which have been before mentioned as abounding in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. It is thought by some to have been the site of the *aula* of Earl Waltheof, and of the vill of Hallam. For reasons before stated, I am of a different opinion. The following extracts from the *History of Hallamshire* will serve to shew that its beauties and conveniences were not either overlooked or neglected amidst the then surrounding wild almost two thousand years ago.

"In the month of April, 1761, a countryman, one Edward Nichols, ploughing a piece of common land called the Lawns, on the Stannington side of the Riveling, discovered two thin plates of copper about six inches by five, both bearing inscriptions, of which the greatest portion was perfectly legible. The inscription was in substance the same on both tablets; but one was in a more rude and barbarous character than the other, and that was broken into small fragments. On the back of the broken tablet were about a dozen names in two rows, but so defaced that only three could be made out—

VRBANI
SEVERI
PARATI.

These were thought to be the names of the soldiers of whose manumission and enrolment among citizens of Rome these tablets were the record.

"*The inscription, as far as it could be recovered, on the more perfect plate.*

IMP CAESAR DIVI TRA..NI PARTHICI F DIVI NER
VAE.....HADRIANVS AVG PONTIF
MAXIM TRIBVNVS.....VIII COS III PRO COS

QVI TIBE O.....T VERINALI SVI ET
.....I HISPA II VRETIQV RV
.....R.....ET PETRIAN
.....HISP ET I FRISIA VETI
M SALIN ET I SVNVC ET I VANG ET I BAE I ASIOR
ET I DELM ET I AQVIT ET I MENAR ET I VIP TRAIANA
VG CR ET II IDAN S DRI RETI SAT QV ET I TVN
GR ET II LING ET II ASTVR ET II DONGON ET II NERV
ET III BRAC AVGVSTANOR ET III NE MET VI NERV
QVAE SVNT IN BRITANN SVB PRETORIO NEPOTE
QVIN ET VICENTI VRIBVS T RITIS DIMISSIS
HON MISSIONE QVOR NOMINI SVBSCRIPTA SVN

IPSIS LIBERIS POSTERIS Q EORVM CIVITATEM
DEDT ET CONVBIVM CVM VXORIBVS QVAS TVNC
HABVISSENT CVM EST CIVITAS DATAVI SI
QVIS EA RESSENT CVM EIS QVAS POSTEA DVXIS
SENT DVMTAXAT SINGVLI SINGVLAS

D XVI

C IVLIO GALLO C VALERIO SEVERO COS
COH I SVNATOR.....CVI PRAEST
AVLVNTVS CLAVDIANVS
EXPEDITE
ALBANI NV CO
SCRIPTVM ET RECOGNITVM EX TABVLA
EA QVAE FIXA EST ROMAE IN MVRO PA
TEMPLVM DIVI RO MINIS

"Several of these manumission plates have been found in other parts of Europe, but these are supposed to have been the first which presented themselves from beneath the British soil. Several inscriptions of nearly the same purport are engraved in Gruter, and by a comparison with these some of the lacunæ in the Hallamshire plate may be supplied. There was evidently a technical form observed. First appear the emperor's titles: then the names of the soldiers and their commanders, with the services they had performed; the privileges granted to them; the date of the day, month, and consulship; the name of the person soliciting the favour, and the authentication of the copy. The reader may find an elaborate dissertation upon these plates, principally collected from the Marquis Maffei's observations in his '*Gallicæ Antiquitates selectæ*,' in Gough's edition of the Britannia. After the unsuccessful attempts of some of our best antiquaries to clear up all the difficulties of this inscription, I am not ashamed of publishing, not a version, but an abstract of what appears to be its purport.—The Emperor Hadrian in the consulship of C. Julius Gallus and C. Valerius Severus, (two consuls, it has been observed, unknown to the Fasti consulares,) grants to certain strangers who had served in the Roman armies, and been honoura-

bly dismissed the service, the privileges of Roman citizenship; which he extends also to the wives of those already married, and to the first wife who might be taken by the unmarried, to their children and posterity, with all the benefits of the *jus connubium*."

"What I am now mentioning is not a point of small consequence, as you perhaps may think yourself, when I have told you that in the president's own opinion it is the finest remain of English antiquity that ever was offered to the society since his lordship became a member of it. It never was known till now what provision was made for the soldiers' wives in Britain by the imperial rescripts, and this is a law of Hadrian's for that very purpose, and the first that ever was found. It is remarkable that one of the sentences on these tables is to be found in the Corpus Juris, or body of laws belonging to the Romans. I cannot at present send you a reading of this great curiosity, as the matter is yet *sub judice*. Dr. Taylor, one of the best antiquaries in England, has undertaken to write a dissertation upon it, when his manner of reading it will appear."—*Letter from Mr. Watson, curate of Ripponden, to Mr. Wilson, of Broomhead.*

Now Hallam's mouldering stones are past. P. 196.

"The tradition of the neighbourhood professes to account for their disappearance. It tells us that as the resistance of the people of Hallam to the Norman Conqueror was most pertinacious, so his vengeance was most signal. But supposing that the place was only partially destroyed, in one of his vengeful expeditions against the unsubdued spirits of the people north of Trent; since Sheffield became immediately after the Conquest the seat of the Norman lord of this district, there was little temptation to rebuild its broken walls, and seven centuries of time may have completed the obliteration which the incensed Conqueror had begun.

"Local traditions must always be received with great caution when they remove a difficulty. But the tradition that the vill of Hallam was destroyed in an act of fury in the incensed Conqueror is not by any means destitute of the support of written evidence. The historians of the reign of William have in few instances descended to the notice of particular acts of atrocious abuse of power of which he was guilty, but have wrapped up his conduct during his northern expeditions in general expressions, while they seem to have wanted words to express adequately the desolation and misery he occasioned. If we would ascertain the misery he brought upon the northern parts of our island a little more in detail, we must look in the pages of Domesday:—we may there track the destroyer in his progress. As to this particular neighbourhood, he seems to have entered the county of York at Wales, and he laid that little obscure manor entirely waste. Advancing northward, the line of his march seems to have been through Ulley, Brampton, Wickersley, Brinsford, Swinton, and Wentworth. All the neighbouring manors show in the depreciation of their value that they suffered more or less. But on these places the weight of the storm seems to have rested; for though rich and flourishing in the days of the Confessor, they were returned by the Domesday surveyors as being utterly wasted, and therefore of no annual value. It was but the skirts of the storm which at this time, eleven years before the composition of Domes-

day-book, rested upon Hallam; but that manor, which in the time of the Confessor had been valued at eight marks of silver, was then worth only forty shillings.

"The extent of the wanton ravages committed by the North-man in the neighbourhood of Hallam may be further collected from an expression in a charter of the year 1161. This charter defines the rights of the lords of Sheffield and the monks of Saint Wandrille in the manor of Ecclesfield; and reference is made in it to the state of the hedges as they were anciently before they were burnt, '*sicut sepes antiquitus ante combustionem fuerunt.*"

"On the whole, then, it may appear, from the scanty evidence which time has preserved for us relating to the period before the arrival in England of the Normans, if not a point of historic certainty, yet one of historic probability, that early in the second century of the Christian æra, a few discharged Roman legionaries, part of the army of Hadrian, settled themselves a small community on the banks of the Riveling: that what was originally only a few cottages became at length a place of no inconsiderable extent, and the little metropolis of a very spacious manor: that, population continuing to increase, some of the inhabitants removed themselves to a small distance, clearing other portions of the soil, and laying the foundation of those numerous villages which the Domesday survey recognises in the manor of Hallam; that in later times a Saxon chieftain established his *aula* near to the vill of Hallam, and that they both fell together under the vengeance of the Norman conqueror: that Sheffield was originally one of the berewitæ of the manor of Hallam; but that before the Conquest it had obtained a degree of independence, had a different proprietor, and was the little capital of a very small manor to which it gave name. And it will afterwards appear that Hallam never recovered from the blow struck by the Conqueror; but that, when the neighbourhood became new modelled under its Norman proprietors, Sheffield gave name to an extensive parish, and a still more extensive manor: there was the castle of its lord, and there the centre of population."

HUNTER's *Hallamshire.*

And where 'mid Bradfield's regions wild. P. 196.

The large artificial mounds of earth thrown up near Bradfield, about seven miles from Sheffield, called Castle-hill, and Bailey-hill, have been before alluded to in Note 1. to Letter 3. They are supposed to have been of druidical origin. What foundation there may have been for the tradition of their having served for the retreat of Earl Waltheof, and his few surviving followers after the defeat of the men of Hallamshire, and the destruction of Hallam by the Norman Conqueror, I am not aware.

LETTER XI.

The Excursion.

WHERE meets the Don the Rother slow,
The mound, around whose base they flow,
Proclaims where once (the Briton's dread)
The Roman eagle's wings were spread,—
Were spread to guard that awful nest,
Their place of refuge, safety, rest;
From whence, with renovated powers,
They seized the foe's unguarded hours,
And, rushing with resistless force,
O'erthrew whate'er opposed their course.

Thence passing on the fertile vale,
Where down the Don the light skiffs sail,

'Midst wood-clad hills and verdant plains,
The wild boar's haunts, the flock's domains,
Where now the silent dead repose,
High Conisbrough's regal city rose;
There still the tower of Hengist rears
Its walls of strength, unshook by years.
Of late my curious steps had trode,
A wanderer o'er the printless sod;
My eyes had mark'd that lordly tower,
That seem'd to stand in pristine power;
I gazed, and clear in fancy's eye
Beheld the clouds of time roll by.
Within the donjon dark and deep,
I saw the fetter'd captive weep;
In the high hall, above his head,
I heard the sound of laughter spread;
I heard the gay and festive throng
With lute and harp the joy prolong.
The scene was changed!—The clarion's swell
On fancy's ear astounding fell,
I saw the plumage of the brave
High o'er those mighty turrets wave;
I saw a gory torrent flow
Adown the lovely vale below;

I heard the dying soldier's wail
Along the floating breezes sail;
I saw the varied pennons fly,
I heard the' inspiring battle-cry;
I saw the king-like HENGIST's form
Tremendous gleaming 'mid the storm;
Where'er he rush'd along the ground,
The foemen's forms were stretch'd around;
I heard their shrieks; and such a scene
Around these walls *indeed* has been!

The vision fled!—I stood alone,
The captives, warriors, minstrels gone;
The donjon air supplied no breath;
The hall itself was hush'd as death;
My gentlest footstep's softest tread
Along the echoing walls were spread;
The chill of dread came o'er my frame,
I felt a fear that wants a name;
The cawing daw induced a start,
And drove the life-tide to the heart.

Without the massive walls I stept,
The air of eve around them slept;

The ploughman whistled on his way,
The shepherd trill'd his rustic lay,
And, bending o'er her filling pail,
The milk-maid caroll'd in the dale:
Beneath the sod by rustics press'd,
The mighty warriors' ashes rest,
And o'er the mound where HENGIST lay,
As gaily did the sun-beams play,
As where the Don's smooth waters glide,
Or where the wild flowers bloom beside.

How transient seems, my friend, the hour
Of earthly pomp, and wealth, and power!
We toil, we strut, we boast our day,
We fade, and with our works decay;
The warrior, as the peasant, dies,
The palace with the cottage lies;
Around me now, unmark'd, are spread,
The ruins of the mighty dead;
The place, the names, the works unknown
Of men, who once like meteors shone;
To what the once great dead are now,
Must soon the mightiest living bow;
The sufferer find as sweet a rest
As he by whom he was opprest;—

The mourner sleep as calmly here,
As he who shed no sorrowing tear;—
And I as easy rest my head,
In some wild place unknown,
As had a nation mourn'd me dead
Around my vacant throne.

On eastern hill, from whence the light
Of morn is shot in splendour bright,
The slender spire of Laughton high
With grace peculiar meets the sky;
The massive towers that near it stand,
A contrast strong, on either hand—
No work of these degenerate days—
Did EDWIN, Earl of Mercia, raise.

Beyond, in deep embowering wood,
Roche Abbey's sacred white walls stood,—
Those walls, whose hallow'd aisles along
Has floated oft the choral song;
Beneath whose roof, in prayer and praise,
The holy brethren spent their days;
Those walls in desolation lie;
Unscared the red deer browses nigh,

The swallow skims the silent aisle,
The wild goat climbs the ruin'd pile.

Thus hasteth all things to decay,
But swiftest passeth *life* away;
The howling storms of ages past
On these high towers their rage have cast;
But that which scarcely moves the spray,
Will serve to sweep *my* pride away;
And lay my form in earth's dark bed,
One with the dust on which we tread.

NOTES TO LETTER XI.

Where meets the Don the Rother slow. P. 203.

The Roman station here alluded to, is near a ford across the river Don, about two miles from Rotherham, and four from Sheffield. The works are still to be distinctly traced, though the ground has been long cultivated. This appears to be the exact site (now almost classic ground) of *Rotherwood*, in which is placed the opening scene in *Ivanhoe*. It is so descriptive both of the country and the times, that I cannot resist the temptation of here recommending it to the perusal or re-perusal of the reader. The commencement is as follows:—

"In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and vallies which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the civil wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song."

High Conisbrough's regal city rose. P. 204.

Conisbrough Castle occupies the northern point of a considerable eminence projecting into that beautiful and fertile vale of Mexbrough, down which the Don flows from Sheffield to Doncaster, and was the *aula* of which the valiant Harold was deprived by the Norman Con-

queror, and in which the Saxon Chief Hengist is said to have fallen and to have been interred. It is, I believe, the most perfect and interesting remains of Saxon architecture in the kingdom. The situation is singularly beautiful. The great tower or keep is in fine preservation. The stone of which it is built is of so durable a nature, that the angles (many of which are acute) are as sharp and perfect as they were nearly a thousand years ago.

Few persons, one would imagine, could view this massive, frowning ruin, without feeling sensations of gratitude that he can now sleep in peace without being inclosed in guarded walls five yards thick, and without a dungeon beneath him in which his foes lie dead or dying. Those who have read Ivanhoe will not soon forget Conisbrough.

The slender spire of Laughton high. P. 207.

Laughton, or Laughton-en-le-Morthen, or among the lower classes in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, very appropriately, "*Lighten i' th' Morning,*" is about twelve miles east of Sheffield. On a commanding elevation there, now called Castle-hill, stood the *aula* of Edwin, Earl of Mercia, of which he was dispossessed by the conquering Norman, and it was by him conferred on his follower, De Busli. The foundations are still visible, but no remains of the building. It must have formed one of the finest land-marks in the kingdom. The beautiful spire of Laughton Church, which now stands near the site of the Castle, being visible in all directions to a great distance.

Roche Abbey's sacred white walls stood. P. 207.

Roche Abbey is situated at the confluence of three valleys, into which the Castle of Laughton looked down. The ruins and the grounds are highly interesting,—the late Earl of Scarborough, to whom they belonged, having rendered it one of the sweetest retreats in the kingdom.

LETTER XI

The Rescue.

The moments of the tedious night
On wearied wings had sped their flight;
A mother's cares, an exile's woes,
Had kept my eyelids from repose;
When, with the morn's reviving ray,
I rose along the park to stray,
An outward solace to my mind,
Where all was dark within, to find;
And, guarded by a watchful guide,
I sought the western portal wide.

Already, bright to memory's view,
Spread the wide heaths of purple hue;

The woods in varied robe were gay;
The streams meander'd on their way;
The vales in silent beauty slept,
The hawthorns smiled, the willows wept;
High tower'd each castellated seat,
The cots lay lowly at their feet:
We pass'd,—and all that met my sight
Was one vast flood of pearly white;
Save where the purple hills, around,
Arose, that silvery sheet to bound;
Save where St. Peter's glittering fane
Rose like a light-house from the main;
And Sharrow-Head, (its leafy grot,
Its paling white, its shepherd's cot,
Display'd to view,) an islet green,
Alone on ocean's bed was seen;
It was the silver mist of dawn,
O'er all the wide-spread landscape drawn.

High-raised above the deep profound,
Along the ridge my way I wound;
When from the depths beneath my eyes,
I saw an antler'd forehead rise,
And, like a new-created thing,
Above the impervious vapour spring;

Emerging from the parting flood,
The stag majestic towering stood;
While kindred forms, of meaner grace,
Behind succeeded in his place;
At length, display'd upon the plain,
The monarch stood, with all his train:
Surprized he gazed;—a pitying look
It seem'd as if of me he took;
"Yes, noble brute, that glance was well!"
Straight from my lips spontaneous fell;
"In freedom thou canst bound along;
Thy dappled race around thee throng;
A duteous train thy subjects spread,
To guard and grace thy honour'd head;
While I——" Upon the breezes borne,
That moment swell'd the huntsman's horn,
And the glad stag-hound's deep-toned cry
Did to the welcome blast reply:
The antler'd leader, with his train,
Alarm'd, survey'd the upland plain;
With heads and ears erect, they gazed,
Till once again the yell was raised;
Then swift, at signal given, the deer
In long succession pass'd me near,—

Their monarch nobly closed the rear;
Far from the mound on which I stood,
They enter'd Birley-holly Wood.
"And thus," I cried, "impartial fate
Has woes on earth for every state;
They feel them least, who least repine;
I murmur, while content is thine."

The morning sun's resplendent light
Now caught the Manor's battled height,
And gaily did the birds of spring
Their notes of choral welcome sing;
I pass'd to where an aged thorn
Perfumed the breezes of the morn,
As with its fragrant blossoms white,
It shone in dazzling beauty bright:
A seat, which rustic hands had made,
Around its deep-seam'd trunk was laid;
The spreading boughs that bloom'd around,
Were train'd by art to sweep the ground;
High-tower'd its top in beauty free,
And Arbour-Thorn they named the tree!
'Tis said that from this verdant tent,
To old St. Peter's spire was sent,

Far o'er the deep-embowering wood,
The matchless shaft of Robin Hood:
Here, till the clock from TALBOT'S halls
Recall'd me to my prison-walls,
I musing sat—and slowly then
Retraced my devious steps again.

The sun had raised the vapour bright,
Though still the hills were hid from sight;
The scene, unveiling, caught the eye,
Below the etherial drapery;
Again the valleys, with their streams,
Shone brilliant in the morning beams;
Their meads and groves, of early green,
Their flocks and herds once more were seen:
The misty veil ascended still,
Till rising wood, and rock, and hill
Reveal'd appear'd;—at length away
It fled before the morning ray;
And distant heights, of dusky blue,
Were seen to bound the splendid view;
My heart, with nature's gladness glad,
No longer felt depression sad;
Unwonted peace rejoiced my frame,
Till, from a neighbouring coppice, came

Deep bellowings o'er my startled ear,
As from some savage raging near;
I turned; and, issued from the wood,
The milk-white bison foaming stood.
Wild as the climes from which he came,
Fierce as the suns of tropic flame,—
Long in a neighbouring farm confined,
He now my steps pursued behind:
Swift, swift I fled,—fear wing'd my course,—
Yet nearer came that bellowing hoarse;
Approaching now I heard his tread;—
Loud, loud I shriek'd,—I turn'd my head,
And close beheld the savage fleet;
His murderous horns were at my feet;
Quick beat my heart—my sight grew dim—
Wild tremor seized each failing limb;
Yet ere I fell, at full career
A huntsman, with extended spear,
On sorrel charger mounted high,
Appear'd, methought, in air to fly:
Slow as the painful death-spell brake,
I seem'd from dreamless sleep to wake;
I raised my eye, and saw, before,
A breathless steed lie stretch'd in gore;

Panting and bathed in crimson tide,
The dying bison groan'd beside;
Above my form, in hopeless strife,
Fled from his cheek the tide of life,
His anguish'd glance on mine impress'd,
Around him bound the hunter's vest,
Through which the oozing life-blood sprung,
The manly form of NORFOLK hung.

The neighbouring rustics, gather'd near,
Now raised, and bore me on a bier;
While NORFOLK, on the steed they led
Remounted, rode beside my bed.
My honour'd keeper, and his dame,
To meet us at the portal came,—
In noble TALBOT's lordly eye
The tear of artless sympathy;
But, ah! methought, had I been slain,
Had my cold form then lifeless lain,
Gored by the bison's savage might,
His lady fierce had blest the sight:
They tell, that, in life's early hour,
Ere yet the world had gain'd its power,
There lived a youth, whose charms could move
Her flinty heart to thoughts of love;

By him was sent, across the main,
The noble beast by NORFOLK slain;
And, oh! too plainly can I see,
That deed hath fix'd her hate for me;
How happy if upon *my* head
The vengeful storm alone be shed!

With joy I learn that slight is found
The noble NORFOLK's dreaded wound;
The last and deepest may it be,
That *he* shall ever feel for me!

LETTER XIII.

The Tournament.

Alas, too sure the fears that press'd—
The doubts that wrung my tortured breast!
Not long, ere from his royal Dame,
A mandate to my keeper came,
That princely Norfolk never more
Should cross the threshold of his door.
Was it, indeed, the wind, the air,
Which deign'd the babbling tale to bear?
Or can a friend his friend betray—
A Talbot stoop to treachery?
Alas, alas, a little space,
And I, too, left that fraudful place.

So much the late alarm o'ercame
My too depress'd, enfeebled frame,
My life had well nigh pass'd away,
Before the terrors of that day.
But when by time and rest, at length,
There came some slow returning strength,
I then to Buxton's healing tide
Was by the Earl accompanied.

There, in Sir EDWARD VERNON's name,
(A youthful knight,) a summons came,—
To all of high extraction sent,
To bid to splendid tournament.
The knight, for Lady MARGARET's charms,
Defied the boldest knight in arms,
Maintaining that, in court or lea,
The fairest of the fair was she.
Resplendent round his youthful brow,
Profuse his auburn tresses flow;
Behind his piercing azure eye,
Love, potent love, contrived to lie,
And lent a power too strong to fail,
Whene'er he told a tender tale;
Ah, who that tale could e'er forget?
Not gentle Lady *MARGARET!*

Her noble sires, of lineage high,
Of purest Saxon ancestry,
Their stainless line could trace afar,
Through heroes bold in chase and war;
And, ere her honour'd father bled,
He charged, that he, who MARGARET led
To Hymen's throne, should bear a name
Inscribed upon the roll of fame.
Young EDWARD's name, as yet, had ne'er
Been thus inscribed with sword or spear;
Hence had he call'd the tourney-fight,
To combat for his lady's right,
With all who on their shields should dare
Another lady's name to bear:
If EDWARD won the laurel-crown,
Fair MARGARET then would be his own.

The' important day arrived at last!
Escorted o'er the hills, I pass'd
To where the barriers rose upon
The listed field of Castleton.
The plain of that fated ground
No human art had plann'd,
And the walls that rose around
Were the work of Nature's hand:

For the verdure of the grass-green sod
Was the floor on which the warriors trod,
And the rocks and eternal mountains' height,
Sole barriers of that field of fight.
Upon the right, aspiring high,
  Did steep Mam-Tor her crests disclose,—
In grand, unrivall'd majesty,
  The Mother of the Mountains rose;
She who with full and liberal hand
  For ever scatters at her base,
Amid the hills that round her stand,
  Materials of a future race.
Where on the left the steeps appear'd,
  The castled palace-walls were piled;
He at whose word those walls were rear'd,
  The Monarch of the Peak was styled;
Within that mountain's bowels deep,
  As tells tradition's wild report,
The infernal monarch oft will keep
  The orgies of his dreadful court.
Between these lofty hills apart—
Rude nature's mimicry of art—
Half lost amid the misty skies,
The wild fantastic Winyards rise;

Here, like a baron's fortress spread,
The gray rocks lift their towery head;
There to the clouds their steeps retire,
In distance seen like church-yard spire;
While yonder plainly may be traced
The buttress'd wall with turrets graced.

The mountain heights the misty veil
Envelop'd in its curtain pale,
As if in brighter tints to shew
The splendid scene descried below;
Along their sides the sun's gay light
From the dazzling ore reflected glanced;
With gay commingling colours bright,
In the mountain wind the streamers danced;
And gayest of all, like a flowery bed,
Along their base the crowd was spread;
With continuous and inspiring sound,
From every rock that beetled round,
Did the music's martial notes rebound.

Across the crowd-encircled green,
A band of armed warriors spread;—
A gay and gallant train, I ween,
By young Sir EDWARD proudly led;

To me he bow'd his helmed head,
He laid the circlet at my feet;
Across the listed mead he sped,
And brought me to the honour'd seat;
There was I placed, the crowd above,
As Queen of Beauty and of Love:
Oh, if again his own may be,
The crown which then he gave to me,
No halo round his favour'd head
Could e'er a ray so glorious shed;
For it shall cast the light of love,
His path around, his head above:
No *regal* crown were e'er a prize
So precious in the wearer's eyes;
For it shall to the youth impart
An empire o'er his MARGARET's heart.
Above the mountain's highest brow,
Ascended was the veil of mist,
And the clear sun, with golden glow,
And with unshadow'd splendour now,
Their loftiest summits kiss'd:
Loud, loud, the music swell'd afar;
The eagle from his nest on high
Soar'd upward at those notes of war,
And wondering hover'd in the sky;

The wild colts, on the mountain's side,
With arching necks and flowing main,
Half pleased, half fearful, gamboll'd wide,
An unsubdued and graceful train:
At heights, before unknown,
Did the scared flocks a refuge seek;
And from the summits of the peak,
The startled goats look'd down.
The martial strains a moment pause,
The heralds loud proclaim'd the laws,
That ruled the Tournament;
On steed with richest trappings dight,
Through the long barriers forth to fight,
His course Sir EDWARD bent:
His burnish'd armour's quivering gleam
Glanced gaily in the sunny beam;
A snowy plume, in beauty spread,
Waved widely o'er his helmed head;
Engraved in characters of flame,
His shield was graced with MARGARET's name.
The cry of "Largess, gallant nights,"
Re-echoed from the mountain heights,
While fell to earth, of worth untold,
The shower of silver and of gold.

Clear'd were the lists the gates beside,—
The marshals only now descried.
To MARGARET'S face I raised my eye;
The crimson blood, late mantling high,
Did at that hour depart;
Nor could it hide, the snowy vest,
In which her slender form was drest,
The throbbings of her heart.

Now loud the signal trumpet's sound
Engaged the' expectant band around;
And proudly at that trumpet's call
Sped through the lists Sir EVERARD HALL:
High mounted on a coal-black steed,
He comes to seek for glory's meed;
The name of Lady CAROLINE
Doth on his shield emblazon'd shine;
The hope, the joy, the pride of all,
He dwells within his father's hall:
His bright locks round his lofty brow,
Black as the raven's plumage, flow;
Abash'd must pallid guilt retire,
Before Sir EVERARD'S glance of fire,—
The guileless sufferer nearer hie,
Lured by its rays of sympathy;

But mind and form in vain combine
To win the smiles of CAROLINE;
The man to suit her lofty mood
Must be a man of war and blood;
For her in many a far-famed fight,
Has fought and won, her own true knight;
The coming strife, his final test,
May win the maid he loves the best.
I saw the youth, in valour's pride,
As o'er the fateful ground he hied;
And as he paused in full career,
  And dash'd aside the plumage light,
Stretch'd to the view his glittering spear,
  And on Sir EDWARD's target bright
Bestow'd the signal stroke, awhile
The haughty lady deign'd a smile:
Again he sought the barrier's bound;
  Still silence reign'd triumphant there,
No motion stirr'd the crowd around,
  No sound disturb'd the tranquil air,—
So silent is the woodbine bower,
So motionless the moonlight hour:
But see the internal conflict speak
In yon high maiden's pallid cheek;

In each expectant warrior's eye,
Behold impatient agony;
Nor henceforth ever dare to tell
With outward, inward peace must dwell.

Hark to the onset's pealing sound!
Forth to the field the coursers bound,
The hostile chiefs unite;
Loud echo, as the thunder's crash,
Bright glimmer, as the lightning's flash,
The weapons of each knight.
Hangs there not fate upon this fight?—
In Lady MARGARET'S eye,
In her fair cheek of palest white,
Behold her agony:
Loud echo round the rocky walls,
"'Tis past, 'tis past! Sir EVERARD falls."
How, when she saw his power decline,
How look'd the lofty CAROLINE?—
Deep colour flush'd her mantling cheek,
More proudly arch'd her dark eye-brow;
Her eyes did other objects seek,
And high she rear'd her neck of snow.
I mark'd the lady where she sate,
And dropt a tear for EVERARD'S fate.

Back to his former station wheel'd
Sir EDWARD o'er the battle-field;
While loud and long applauding cries
Upon the ambient air arise;
While bold and high the clarion's swell
In pealing strains the triumph tell.
I cast my eyes one moment yet
Upon the gentle MARGARET;
And I could see her dark eye's light
With joy's clear lustre glittering bright;
And on her pensive cheek
I mark'd the glow of wild delight
In vivid colours break.

Two heroes more in war's array,
(Sons of the Earl of DERBY they,
Twin buds of hope I ween,)
Young, ardent, fearless of the fray,
Within the lists were seen;
Their plumes, their shields, their arms, the same,
Shone brightly in the solar flame;
White as the snow untouch'd by earth,
Their steeds, like them, of kindred birth;
The names that on their targets shine,
Are ROSABEL and EMMELINE.

Warm spirits! yet a moment stay,
Ere rushing to the desperate fray:
Think of your mother's prayer;
Think how your father's warlike breast,
Where all a warrior's feelings rest,
Your dire defeat would bear;
Think of your spotless ancestry,
Ere yet your fate ye dare to try,
Where EVERARD'S skill was vain.
Forth to the lists I see him fly,
Young BERTRAM scours the plain;
Souls of their fathers, from the cloud,
Bending this hour above the throng,
Oh, since, like your's, his soul is proud,
Like your's, his arm be strong!
Ah, like a flower by rude winds bow'd,
The warrior sinks along!
While high his powers in vengeance rise,
Like him to fight young WILFRED hies,
And now, like him, *he* prostrate lies.
Could not their mother's prayer
Withhold them from the field of strife?—
Could not their father's ceaseless care,
His soul with haughty valour rife,
Teach them to conquer there?

Could not their fathers' ghosts inspire
Their spirits with resistless fire?—
Ah, no; as well your prayers may bind
The fury of the raging wind,
As souls like WILFRED'S tame:
Their father's lessons here were vain,
For had he sought that fatal plain,
His fate had been the same;
And not a man of all their race,
But had to VERNON yielded place.
Alas for ERNE, where, side by side,
Like mountain roes they wont to glide;
Where, to the lyre's loud notes, afar
They loved to raise the train of war;
Or in their sire's approving sight,
Together join in mimic fight;—
Alas for ERNE, where ne'er again
Those twin-born youths shall wake the strain;
No longer o'er the hills around,
Fleet as the mountain roebucks, bound;
Nor ever with the warrior's art
Rejoice their warlike father's heart,—
Their fire of youth extinguish'd here,
Who shall from them withhold the tear?—

There sprang no tear, with pearly die
To dim the light of MARGARET'S eye;
She saw not where the warriors lay,
Exhausted by the desperate fray;
She thought not of the tarnish'd fame,
The faded light of DERBY'S name:
She thought but of *her* prospect bright,
She only saw her conquering knight.

Loud, yet more loud, the shouts resound:
The eagle o'er the mountain's head,
That long irresolutely round
Had sail'd on wings outspread,
Now, like an arrow in its flight,
Darted aloft beyond our sight.

Again the signal blast is wound;
And onward o'er the battle-ground,
Unwearied from the ardent fray,
Again Sir EDWARD takes his way:
Lives there the chief that now shall dare
Confront that mighty challenger?—
Yes; from the barriers to the view
Came slowly on a stately knight;

High pranced his steed of chesnut hue,
And graceful waved his plume of white;
Bright shone the armour that he wore;
In gold upon his shield he bore
The Queen of England,—awful sight!
Dazzling the circle with its light.
That stalwart form, that bearing high,
That guise of proud resplendency,
That awful air of majesty,
Left it not needful to proclaim
The warlike TALBOT'S dreadful name.
Gently he touch'd Sir EDWARD'S shield,
And back'd his charger o'er the field:
Loudly the signal trumpets sound;
Wide wave the kerchiefs all around;
Hush'd is each breath to wait the fight
Of England's pride, of England's might;
Each eye deep fix'd upon the sight;
And MARGARET'S cheek grows pale;
For soon the opponent chiefs unite
Within the circling rail.
Prove thou thy might, brave warrior now,
Such need had warrior ne'er before;
Ere yet his shield received the blow,
Down to the ground his lance he bore:

He vaulted from his saddle bow;
He knelt upon the verdant floor;
And graceful own'd the conquering claim,
To yield him at his Sovereign's name.
While wide and far, and loud and long,
Enraptured shout the applauding throng;
'Twas nobly done, young knight—'twas well—
That act thy gallantry shall tell;
'Twas well, young knight, and none shall dare
To link with fear brave VERNON's name;
For well thy deeds this day declare
Thy title to unsullied fame;
But hadst thou join'd the dangerous fight,
I ween that of resistless might,
Thy arm were found no more;
From such a challenge never knight
Return'd unstain'd before;
Nor couldst thou, mighty as thou art,
With TALBOT bear an equal part.

Along the lists, to VERNON's side,
Proudly the royal champion hied,
While in his name the heralds cried,
And bade, whoe'er the strife would share,
Should of the chiefs his choice declare.

But who that ere on earth was seen,
Would brave the champion of his queen;—
What name, to earth's remotest end,
Shall with ELIZA's name contend?
What man so weary of his life,
As dare this peerless knight to strife,
Who in the bloody Border war
Has spread his fame and deeds so far,
That still the rustic cottage-dame
Can hush her child with TALBOT's name?
I hear, I hear the notes of fight
Again announce an entering knight;
And, mounted on a sorrel steed,
  Whose white mane on the breezes spread;
Forward along the listed mead
  The daring warrior sped:
Beside that warrior's noble mien,
Sir EDWARD's grace no more was seen;
Lost was great TALBOT's bearing high,
Before his native majesty;
Of sable were the arms he wore;
A snowy plume his helmet bore;
In silver, on a sable field,
"*My Sister*" glitter'd on his shield;

I heard the herald's voice proclaim
A knight whose vow withholds his name;
But oh! what mystery's deep disguise
Could blind the ken of MARY's eyes!
That mien august, that king-like grace,
In one alone had ever place;
And one alone the lists of fame
Would enter in a Sister's name.
And darest thou VERNON's arm defy?
No, not to VERNON did he hie;
But up to TALBOT's form of might,
(Almost untrue I deem'd my sight,)
Impetuous o'er the battle-ground
He rode, and struck a blow so dread
On TALBOT's shield—that terror spread,
Wide as the echoing sound.
Backward along the battle-plain
His charger wheel'd;
'Twas but a moment, ere again
He sought the field;
But oh! that moment was to me
An age of peerless agony!
The sun look'd down in splendour bright
Upon their terrible array;

I marvell'd that the source of light
That hour proceeded on its way.
Impatient for the listed mead,
Sits NORFOLK on his battle-steed:
Then, warrior, go! If prayer can save,
Safety shall yet be thine;
If the love of the noble and the brave,
Undimm'd thy arms shall shine.
When shall the trumpet's sound complete
This scene of trembling and alarms?
When shall the mighty warriors meet?
"To arms, to arms!"
Swift as the falcon in his flight,
Darts to his foe each hostile knight;
Bright as the lightnings, when they wheel,
A moment flies each glittering steel;
From earth ascending to the skies,
Around them clouds of dust arise;
And the loud clanging of their war
Re-echoes from the hills afar:
A moment more—
And TALBOT, fallen in his pride,
His stately war-horse stretch'd beside,
Lies bathed in gore!

Triumphant o'er his fallen foe,
Behold the princely conqueror bow,
And from its lord's relaxing grasp
The shield's enormous bulk unclasp;
Then at his spear's extended length
High bore it with unwearied strength:
The conqueror sought my lofty seat,
And hurl'd his trophy at my feet:—
"Be ever such," he cried, "the end,
Which shall the wiles of faithless friend,
Tyrant or sycophant, attend!"
Back to his stand, by VERNON's side,
With speed the mighty warrior hied,
While slowly from the field of gore
His squires the fallen TALBOT bore;
And now the trumpets, at their height,
Proclaim the stranger victor-knight:
(E'en at that hour, a little space
I mark'd the woe-worn MARGARET's face,
White as her vest of snow;
And there were thoughts of agony
And hopeless anguish in that eye,
So bright ere now.)

Ere long, across the blood-stain'd way,
With mournful but unfaltering tread,
The conquering hero of the day
Before my throne Sir EDWARD led;
The warrior bow'd his helmed head;
The steep descent I quitted now,
(As taught the rules;) to him I said,—
"On whom do I the meed bestow?"
"My Sister, on a Brother's brow,
Who bears a holier love for thee,
Than other love could ever be."
"Beware," I cried, while o'er my frame
A throe of secret horror came;
"Beware, beware, lest, heedless worn,
The crown should prove a crown of thorn,
And bring to death, disgrace, and woe,
A Brother and a Sister too."
He raised the circlet from his head,—
"Lady, not *mine* the lot," he said,
"An earthly diadem to bear;
But place it on the warrior's brow,
Whose mightier deeds the claim allow,
Who long may wear;
And long let smiling joy preside,
And peace and changeless love abide,

Where grace and valour shall be met,
In EDWARD and in MARGARET."
How swiftly did its sadness fly!
How brightly in Sir EDWARD's eye
Did rapture shine!
As on his head I laid the crown,
His cheek a tear descended down;—
The joy, the rapture was his own,
The tear was mine;
And, hark! the heralds of the fight
Announce him as the victor-knight.

Swiftly across the circle vast,
With joy's light step, the hero pass'd,
To gain his MARGARET's seat;
There bow'd his laurell'd head, and cast
The trophy at her feet;
I've seen the monarch in his pride
Receive the crown of regions wide;
I've seen the conquering chieftain tread
Back from the field bestrow'd with dead;
But never crown beheld I borne
So proudly as *that* crown was worn,
Nor e'er in conqueror's glance could trace
Such joy as flush'd that conqueror's face:

I've seen the lofty fair receive
The homage thousands-throng'd to give;
But never in her glance could spy
The bliss that shone in MARGARET's eye,
As that *one warrior* by her seat,
In joy triumphant at her feet
  His glittering trophy laid.
Replacing on his head the crown,
She to his hand resign'd her own,
  And own'd the purchase paid.

Loud from the hills the clamour rung;
To his high steed the stranger sprung,
And pass'd unknown the barriers wide,—
Too well by TALBOT's glance descried;
Yet when we, with the closing day,
To Chatsworth's high towers took our way,
In rage too deep for words to tell,
He rode before me through the dell;
Yet there his dreadful wrath he shed,
In fierce reproaches on my head.

NOTES TO LETTER XIII.

They to Buxton's healing tide. P. 220.

This was the first visit that the royal Captive was allowed to make to Buxton. It appears that she was afterwards several times permitted to try the effect of its healing waters. Buxton is about twenty-four miles from Sheffield Manor,—the country the most dreary in England, and the roads in those days almost impassable. The journey, which must then be performed on horseback, was one of no slight danger and fatigue. On one of these (in 1580), she received a serious injury from a fall. She was there again in 1589.—In a cavern near Buxton, called Poole's Hole, is a detached rock, known by the name of the Queen of Scots' Pillar; tradition affirming, that when she once visited Buxton, she penetrated thus far into the cavern, and inscribed her name upon this rock.

The listed field of Castleton. P. 221.

Castleton is situated at the commencement of one of the finest valleys in Derbyshire, down the lower part of which flows the river Derwent. It was formerly a place of more considerable note than at present, having had a market and fair. The situation is highly romantic, being amongst some of the highest and most abrupt mountains in that county.

Did steep Mam-Tor her heights disclose. P. 222.

Mam-Tor is a very high and (towards the summit) almost perpendicular mountain. It appears to be formed, on the side towards

Castleton, of very loose strata, the particles of which are almost perpetually sliding down, and accumulating at the foot. The current belief in the neighbourhood is, that it is continually forming new mountains, without ever being itself diminished in bulk.

The castled palace walls were piled. P. 222.

Peak Castle, which crowns the summit of the mountain rising to the left of the town, is a very antient structure. Though, from its situation, strong, it never could have been very extensive. So remote was it from, and unconnected with, the seat of government, that its owner had long the title, as well as the power, of "The King of the Peak." At the end of a tremendous cleft in the solid rock which forms the mountain on which it stands, is the noblest natural arch in the kingdom, It constitutes the entrance to the most extensive and interesting cavern in this country, of subterraneous architecture. It is known by the name of Peak's Hole. The noises which are there heard in stormy weather may have given rise to the report alluded to by Queen Mary. A number of poor people have now small huts within the cave, near the mouth. They are employed in spinning packthread, and attending on visitors. The arch, and the rock in which it is formed, are so much greater than any thing that the eye of a stranger hath been accustom'd to see, that they cause the huts and human beings to appear to him like the playthings of children, and it requires some time to convince him that they are really anything larger.

The wild fantastic Winyards rise. P. 222.

The Winyards are a collection of detached rocks, of the most various and singular forms, some of them rising to a great height. The road from Castleton to Chapel-en-le-Frith ascends among them. After coming over the western bleak and barren moors, and winding down the Winyards into the Vale of Castleton, the first burst of that beautiful valley upon the fatigued sight, between the towering rocks on either hand, is astonishing and pleasingly striking.

LETTER XIV.

The Cavern.

Oh, when, Matilda, shall my sorrows end?
Along my earthly path my glance I send,
But all the way the gloomy vapours spread,
And nightly horrors reign around my head.
A ray I seek, to bid the darkness fade;
No earthly light can pierce the' appalling shade.
But see, resplendent, from a loftier sphere,
Spreads far above the gloom surrounding here,
A radiant light of pure, of heavenly birth,
In glory shining o'er the mists of earth:
And, hark! a voice, a welcome voice descends,—
"Here, mourner, here, thy pain, thy sorrow ends!"

As in the gloom of Chatsworth's spreading shade,
At eve my roving footsteps far had stray'd,
The threatening clouds in secret darkness spread,
The vivid lightning flash'd around my head;
The thunder roll'd incessantly on high,
The rain pour'd down in torrents from the sky:
A rocky cave I sought—sole refuge near;
My treacherous guard, unguarded, left me there;
Pretext he made conveyance to obtain,
To bear me safely through the pelting rain:
With palpitating heart alone I stood,
And saw, disguised, approaching from the wood,
Two human forms; they sought the cavern's shade,
"Fair lady, fear not," entering in, they said;
"Resist not, lady; numbers are around;"
And o'er my form a cloak they threw and bound;
With two led chargers now another came;
Behind him soon they placed my trembling frame;
The former, mounted, rode on either side,
As through the gloomy wood with speed we hied.
Long on the forest's devious paths we sped,
The shades of night thick gathering over head;—
Beneath, unseen, was heard the torrent's sound,
The roaring wind with frenzy raged around

The rain with more than wonted fury beat,
And stream'd around the coursers' splashing feet;
The lightning gleam'd with quicker, brighter, flash,
The thunder broke with nearer, louder, crash;
The forest boughs, in wild commotion all,
Torn from their parent trunks, around us fall;
The sylvan monarchs straining, groaning, meet,
And raise the earth itself beneath our feet.
'Twas darkness to be felt, whene'er the light
Ceased, from the levin, to illume the night:
Beside the raging stream our pathway led;
Twice had we cross'd its rocky, rugged bed,
Ere from the summit of a mountain's brow
A faint light shot into the vale below;
A distant clock, from holy church-yard tower,
Proclaim'd the ever awful midnight hour;
While from the castled height the solemn swell
Of watchman's voice aloud proclaim'd, "*All's well.*"

Mysterious silence still my guides attends;
"Be patient, lady; you are with your friends,"
Was all they said; methought that in the blast
The forms and shrieks of ghosts and spirits pass'd,
While dreary groans, with agonizing sighs,
Appear'd from every spot around to rise.

At length, between two rocks, whose towering height
Was dimly seen, though radiant flash'd the light;
A yawning cavern open'd in the cleft,
Which gloom-involved the transient lightning left;
Scarce could the startled coursers be impell'd,
(The wind between the rocks to madness swell'd,)
To enter there—so wild, so horrid, seem'd
The dreadful place, alarm'd, the night-birds
scream'd!
The wild wind roar'd and whistled in the cave,
Loud rushing dash'd the high and new swoln wave;
A flock of mountain goats, which there had ta'en
A refuge from the rude tempestuous rain,
Startled, rush'd clattering by us—all was dread;
Less awful were the chambers of the dead.
A chilling horror crept o'er all my frame;
Unwonted fears my failing strength o'ercame:
Here, here, methought, is seal'd my earthly doom,
In this lone cave will stand my secret tomb!—
A moment more, my spirits seem'd to rise,
And hope and strength return'd, as from the skies;
E'en here, I cried, my God is present here,
I will not—cannot faint, when *He* is near!

Dismounted, now, I saw a distant door,
A faint light gleaming o'er the slippery floor;
Beneath a low impending rock we bent,
And slowly, light-directed, stooping went:
But soon a deep, dark, awful rolling tide—
The lowering roof conceal'd the farther side—
Opposed our passage, till a simple float
To bear me o'er the dreaful gulf was brought.
Extended on the boards, in deepest gloom,
Uncertain where, I glided to my doom,
And soon was landed on a rugged shore;
A guide awaiting there, a torch-light bore.
'Midst fallen rocks he led the fearful way;
Fantastic images those rocks display;
The rushing waters, struggling at our feet,
With tumults loud, their rude opposers meet.
A barrier we approach'd, which seem'd to say,
"Here, here, must end your subterraneous way."
We pass'd—there burst upon my ravish'd sight
A scene, with more than earthly splendour bright.
My guards were gone; alone I stood;—amazed,
In mute astonishment entranced, I gazed
On bright illusive scenes; I fear'd to breathe,—
Whate'er appear'd above, around, beneath,

A breath might cause to fade; stupendous, bright,
And wondrous all that met the' astonished sight.
The walls, the floor, the dome were glittering far
With light from ore, stalactites, and spar;
Huge, wild, fantastic forms, suspended hung,
Down from the roof, rose from the floor, or clung
Around the rocky walls; spires, pillars, towers,
Appear'd on every hand; these, dripping showers
Had cased in seeming ice, reflecting bright
The tints prismatic of a central light.
Half round the magic cave, in rocky bed,
Transparent waters slept; their surface shed
Redoubled splendour, and an opening seem'd
To kindred scenes beneath; at distance gleam'd
A bright cascade, the opening rocks between;
Arch'd in the rising spray, distinctly seen,
The painted bow (not evanescent here)
Did with its steady, soften'd tints appear:
No tumult here is heard; the world, with all
Its uproar, hush'd, sweet soothing murmurs fall
Upon the listening ear; the soften'd sound
Of distant water-fall is spread around;
The streamlet gurgled with a gentle swell,
While glittering roof-drops tinkled as they fell.

Where rose the rocky floor, from moisture free,
Appear'd, with open side, a silk marquee;
Beneath its shelter stood a seat, a bed,
And table with refreshments dightly spread;
A female form, with gentle, silent grace,
My steps invited to the resting-place.
In change of dress, there spread, my frame I bound,
And rest and food, with re-assurance, found;
In meditation lost, I still remain'd,
When on my ear soft notes of music gain'd;
Aroused, I listen'd, and, in cadence sweet,
To sound of lute, these words my senses greet:—

"Exile, wipe thy tears away;
For the vessel lies before,
That shall o'er the ocean-spray
Bear thee to thy native shore.

"Monarch, mourn not for thy lot,
Though false fortune's tools depart;
Thine the power that changeth not,
Thine the empire of the heart.

"Captive, let thy terrors flee,
Dark the shades beyond thee lie;
But they were the way for thee
To the light of liberty."

The music ceased; a pleasing, soothing charm
Appear'd to dissipate each wild alarm;
Musing I sat, till distant voices near'd;
The' attendant female struck with dread appear'd;
At length I saw, with like surprise and fear,
The noble form of NORFOLK drawing near.
"And is it thus?" indignantly I cried;
"Is NORFOLK, too, deceitful! he! my guide,
My brother, my protector!—can it be?
Is all the world combined in treachery?"
"My Queen, my sister, no; I come to pay
My last sad duty, ere I pass away,—
A pleasing, painful task; a little space,
And we shall find a surer resting-place.
Thou to the' opponents of Sir EDWARD's arms,—
Brave DERBY's sons,—dost owe these wild alarms;
'Twas they who did the hopeless plan devise,
To free the captive by this wild emprise:

To *thee* they kept their dangerous plans unknown,
That *they* might suffer for defeat, alone.
I ever hover'd near thee, though unseen,
But learn'd too late how rash the youths had been.
Failure is certain; still, if thou command,
I join, with all my might, the venturous band;
If not, thy guide to Chatsworth will I be;
Thy youthful champions to my plans agree."
"No, NORFOLK, no! across the ocean-wave,
Haste thou thy life, thy precious life, to save,
And while I bless and thank the generous zeal,
That for the exiled captive thus can feel,
Assurance firm is mine, that vain must be
The rash endeavour thus to set her free."
I ceased; for on my ear that moment rose
A sound of tumult and opposing blows;
Forth NORFOLK rush'd to meet the coming fray,
And met majestic SHREWSBURY in the way.
"NORFOLK!" he cried, with fierce impetuous mien,
"Is this thy firm allegiance to thy Queen?
Is this the love thou bear'st thy native land,
And this thy truth to friendship's long tied band?"
He ceased, while fiercest and revengeful fire
Flash'd from his eyes a yet unspoken ire.

Sedate and calm, with more than wonted grace,
Stood NORFOLK there; no passion mark'd his face.
With voice unfaltering, with a soul awake
To tenderest feelings, thus the hero spake:—

"No, SHREWSBURY, no! these charges not to me;
Say, TALBOT, don't they more apply to thee?
It is not *I* who have betray'd a friend;
I never yet with suppleness could bend:
It is not NORFOLK that deceives his Queen,
Nor is it HOWARD that hath faithless been.
No traitor he! Few are the days now pass'd,
Since one I spared—then on my mercy cast;
And as I hope for pardon from above,
Him still I pity—nay, I feel I *love*.
A few short moments more, and I shall be
From human weakness, human vengeance, free;
There stands thy captive! TALBOT, thou art brave;
Be merciful at least—thou canst not save;
Her doom, and mine, are seal'd—by heaven—not thee:
Shouldst thou be spared, thy longer earthly space
Employ in doing good, imploring grace."
The Christian ceased—he turn'd with bearing high,
A light celestial beaming from his eye;

He bent his knee, and to his throbbing breast
And glowing lips my proffer'd hand he press'd;—
"Oh thou," he cried, "who to a servant's claim
Didst grant that highest gift, a *brother's* name;
Receive with these, my latest words, inwove,
The firm assurance of a brother's love;
While to thine ear my warning accents bear
The last memento of a brother's care.
Oh, let no earthly guide thy steps mislead,—
A prop more faithless than the broken reed;—
The God of Heaven shall be thy guiding light;
His eyes shall ever watch, and keep thee right;
Look thou for solace to the Lord above;
Thou canst not look in vain, for God is Love.
On earth no more a *brother* shalt thou view,—
Adieu, my *sister!*—but, no *long* adieu;
Soon, soon, our earthly sojourn shall be o'er,
We soon shall meet in heaven, to part no more!"
He pass'd away; within his awful eye
The peace of heaven itself was seen to lie.
He pass'd; he left that peace,—it still is mine;
Adieu, MATILDA;—be it ever thine!

NOTE TO LETTER XIV.

A yawning cavern open'd in the cleft. P. 248.

Of the attempt made by the two sons of the Earl of Derby, with a knight of the name of Hall, to free the Queen of Scots from her captivity when she was at Chatsworth, but little is said by any of the noticers of her life. Probably it was thought better at the time, as the attempt proved abortive, to keep it as much as possible from the notice of the public. The cavern to which the captive was conveyed was clearly that of the Peak. The description in her letter, as far as it goes, agreeing with those published of that noble cave. The full extent of the cavern has never yet been ascertained: it is said to have had a communication with the castle from above; if so, it is probable that the adventurers had provided for their escape by that way.

LETTER XV.

The Wicket.

Consign'd a victim to his haughty spouse,
Whose envious hate no change, no limit knows,
By Talbot shunn'd, within this dreary room,
My time I pass in loneliness and gloom;
But oft beyond these walls my spirit flies;
Thither, where more appalling visions rise,
Where Norfolk pines within the donjon's walls,
Or to the blood-stain'd scaffold, where he falls.

* * * *

How false their creed who deem propitious fate
Smiles ever in the mansions of the great;
They grossly err, who think that pain and care
The poor alone are doom'd to feel and bear:

Within this splendid Castle's lordly bound,
Contention, hate, and jealousy are found;
And woes more rankling are its inmates' lot
Than ever sojourn'd in the clay-built cot.

North of these walls, the waters of the Don,
To meet the humble Sheaf, delighted run;
Beyond the stream a wide-spread level green,
The mart of mirth and revelry, is seen;
There, from their neighbouring homes, with joy resort
Old age and youth, to view or join the sport;
The busy town forgets the blessed curse,
That man must toil and labour, or do worse,
And pours its crowds to prove to lordly birth
That equal are the ways of God on earth;
And ere the twilight draws its curtain round
The merry tribes are in the Wicker found.

See, by the river-side, where willows grow,
The archer-train, with quiver, dart, and bow;
There, fix'd and silent, as each breath were fate,
The anxious candidates the signal wait;
Till one, advancing from the crowd apart,
To the strong bow-string fits the feather'd dart,—

Upraises, points it to the mark, and then
Darts down its shaft his keen experienced ken;
Swift flies the arrow, as the voices swell,
The target pierces, and dissolves the spell:
By turns advancing from the anxious band,
Another, and another, takes his stand,
Till each in turn his skill and prowess tries,—
All strive, but one alone receives the prize.

Where, in the midst, yon tall straight mast on high,
With garlands graced, ascends to meet the sky,
The gayest circle of the happy throng,
With pipe and tabor, dance and laugh and song,
Enjoy the blissful hour—no thought of care,
No look of sorrow nor of trouble there.

Another circle farther meets the eye,
Where youth athletic, skill and sinews try;
And many a bashful maiden, from afar,
With fluttering heart beholds the mimic war:
This well the Wrestlers know, that, ere they part,
They fix or lose their own dear true-loves' heart;
They know that conquest, with the laurel-crown,
Will make the lovelier myrtle-wreath their own;

For this they combat, and with this in sight,
Long, bold, and well-contested is the fight.

With like emotion, and for like reward,
The practised Racers long the goal regard;
They start, they fly, they keep the course aright,
Unswerving as the arrow in its flight.

Among yon ever-moving crowd, around
The Football flies, with many a mighty bound.

Beneath those aged elms, which stand before
That porch which now requires the bush no more,—
The Quoiter through the air the circle flings,
And with the iron disk the mark he rings;
Another drives the rival quoit away,
While shouts proclaim him victor of the day.

Behold where on that elevated stage
The solemn Mountebank and Fool engage
The wondering crowd; they gape, they laugh, they shout,
As gibes and tricks and feats delight the rout;
While, for a paltry groat, the sage supplies
A cure infallible for wounds or eyes.

With measured steps, see yonder march along
The rude itinerants, with their pipe and song;
The voice discordant and the music loud,
Are heard, or lost, as shout the motley crowd.

Beneath yon row of mingled oaks and limes,
The aged sit, and talk of former times;
They view their grandsons' feats of skill display,
Scarce rivall'd since themselves here join'd the play;
They tell of feats credulity to strain,
Which, if e'er done, will ne'er be done again.

Upon yon rising ground, beyond the green,
A house of refuge, is the Spital seen;
By pious founder, for the widow'd mate
Prepared, in which the Master's call to wait.
Such are the scenes, MATILDA, which I see,
With heavy heart, as light and shadows flee;
And, gloom-involved, these massive turrets frown,
While kindling lights break forth from sky and
town;
With measured steps I pace my measured way
Along the' embattled walls, nor dare to stray
One foot beyond—but oh, the *thoughts* are free!
They can't be shackled—they can fly to thee,—

Can to my infant fly! alas, ah where
Can other friends be found my heart to cheer?
How little think yon poor unprison'd train,
That *they* have more of bliss, and less of pain,
Than have the rich and great,—than *monarchs* know,—
As much, perhaps, as man can have below.
While *I*, unfriended, captive, and alone,
Am happier than the tyrant on her throne.
Oh! may I never dare, with impious strain,
The goodness of my Maker to arraign!

NOTE TO LETTER XV.

"A LEVEL space of ground extending from the foot of Spital-hill, or as it is sometimes called Handley-hill, to the Lady's bridge is called the Wicker. It was once a green, and, like the village-greens in the merry times before inclosure-bills were known, this was the place for the sports, the pastimes, and athletic exercises of the inhabitants of the town. Lying close under the outer walls, it doubtless often presented a lively and cheerful scene to the lord and lady of the castle. Here were the public butts at which the inhabitants of Sheffield were trained to archery. They were maintained at the public expense, and we find them mentioned in the town's accompts as late as the time of Charles I. It was here, too, that the freeholders of Hallamshire were accustomed to assemble with horse and arms at the annual muster, according to an ancient custom which it is said is noticed in some copies of the *Quo warranto* roll of the age of Edward I. From this assembly the Wicker was formerly called the Sembly-green; and the Court-house of the manor, perhaps the only one which stood on the green, was called the Sembly-house. Speaking of the manor of Sheffield, Harrison says, 'I cannot here omit a royalty that this manor hath above other manors: that is, upon every Sembly Tuesday is assembled upon Sembly-green, where the court is kept and near unto the castle, at the least 139 horsemen with horses and harness provided by the freeholders, copyholders, and other tenants, and to appear before the lord of the manor or the steward of the court to be viewed by them, and for confirming the peace of our sovereign lord the king.' Harrison has also preserved a list of the freeholders and others who were obliged by the tenure of their lands to send a man and horse on this occasion. Amongst them we find no less a personage than 'The Lord Deputy of Ireland,' the title of office at the time he wrote, 1637, of the noble owner of Wentworth, who held lands at Scoles of the earl of Arundel's manor. We find also the names of Mr. Stephen Bright, Mr. Richard Boroughs, Mr. John Shaw, clerk, Sir Richard Scott, knight, Mr. Howsley Freeman, Mr. George Westby, Mr. Jessop, who sent two men, and many others of the principal gentry of the vicinage. It is supposed that the full number of these mock soldiers never appeared. In an older list than Harrison's I find the names of only ninety-six tenants who held their lands by this service. At the latter end of the seventeenth century, the number was reduced to sixty or eighty.

In 1715 and 1716 a delicate regard for the feelings and wishes of a Protestant government induced the lord of the manor to desire that it should be discontinued. The practice has not been resumed. Sembly Tuesday was the Tuesday after Easter-day. It was a day of merriment. The troop, some in military dresses and some in their labouring garb, must have cut a figure grotesque and ridiculous. In the museum of Mr. Wilson was preserved the dress which was worn by the man whom his father sent to this annual review, and who was always the captain for the day. They paraded the Wicker, and afterwards the principal streets of the town. One amusement of the day was probably of high antiquity. The men were accustomed to tilt on horseback against a large bag of sand suspended from the bough of a tree, He who succeeded in piercing it with his spear gained the applause of the spectators; while he who failed was fortunate or adroit if he remained seated in his saddle. There was a dinner provided for them by the lord.

"I conjecture that the field near the town, in which Dodsworth informs us was the annual buck-hunting, was no other than the Sembly-green.

"Here too was probably the May-pole of which we find notice in the public accompts of Sheffield.

"The Wicker is, however, no longer a place of diversion. The town has been allowed to extend itself over a great part of it, and the more open parts are occupied by the stalls in which cattle are penned on the weekly market. But the taste for athletic exercises has been long on the decline; and the simple and innocent amusements of our ancestors have given place to others of a less harmless character. The town-waits are less welcome visitants than they formerly were; and bands of mummers performing the interlude of St. George and the King of Egypt are scarcely now to be seen, as lately they were, parading the streets at Christmas. The fine manly exercise of throwing the quoit is almost disused; and a game unknown to the southern parts of the kingdom, in which the youth of Hallamshire had acquired great skill, consisting in driving a small and hard ball called a trip to a great distance, by the blow of a stout piece of wood fixed at the end of a flexible rod, is much less enjoyed than once it was. Indeed Sheffield is now so hemmed in by inclosures that it is hard to find room for the athletic exercises of former times.

"The nursery which lies along the river-side from the Wicker to the Bridge-houses was formerly garden-ground belonging to the castle."

HUNTER's *Hallamshire*.

LETTER XV.

Norfolk.

Norfolk is dead!—his troubles cease at last!
The hate of man can reach him now no more;
While, with his sorrows and his sufferings pass'd,
To me the bitterness of death is o'er;
That moment from the world my heart-strings tore;
By day, by night, a sleepless watch I keep;
While where he is, my wakeful feelings soar;
And when I heard his doom, I did not weep!
For I had deem'd, that for his spirit fled,
A sin had been in every tear I shed.
The final sentence hung on Shrewsbury's breath;
He gave the mandate for the hero's death;
Then did the triumph of his vengeance cease,
Then fled for ever Talbot's earthly peace.

* * * *

Heard ye the knell that peal'd when Norfolk's spirit fled,—
That solemn sound that laid him with the dead!
As high it swell'd
Was it the sound, whose sullen toll
To endless woe consign'd his soul,—
His joys dispell'd?
That to his memory seem'd to bring
The taint of an accursed thing;
And bade the tide of time efface
Each record of his name and place?
That knell of death—it was the sound,
That usher'd him to realms on high
That bade to earth's remotest bound
The glories of his triumphs fly;
That fix'd upon the people's heart
His memory—never to depart;
And on the blazon'd rolls of fame
Inscribed for ever NORFOLK'S name.

* * * *

Oh, wake the wild lament for him,—
Give him the guerdon of the brave,—

Let the proud patriot crown his bier,
And gentle Pity sorrow here,
And Albion shed her fondest tear
Above her HOWARD'S early grave;
Well may the laurel o'er him wave,
For him may well the patriot weep,
And Peace with tears his cold bed steep,
And Albion's fondest tribute lave
The mansion where his relics sleep;
For his was feeling pure and deep,
His was the hero's highest part;
Each patriot-virtue loved to keep
Its dwelling in that ardent heart;
And of the noble of his native ground
The richest treasure was in NORFOLK found;—
But see, (how vain the fond appeal!)
Sad Albion bend in sorrowing gloom,
In reverential silence kneel,
And hang the laurel o'er his tomb;
Oh, ne'er shall fade that laurel's hue,
Still water'd by the tears of love;
Approving heaven, in holy dew,
Shall wash its blossoms from above;
And, hark, where o'er the sacred ground,
In which his hallow'd relics lie,

She pours her requiem all around,
Solemn and deep and mournfully;
Nor ever shall that requiem die,
Raised by his country for his fate,
Swell'd by the mourner's grateful sigh,
The blessings of the desolate.

* * * *

Pure sainted spirit! ah, how vain
The tyrant's power thy name to stain;
The blast that on *thy* fame was blown,
Shall only serve to blight her own:
And yet, 'twas true, the tale she told—
A crown, indeed, thou now hast gain'd,
A regal sceptre dost thou hold,
The robes thou soughtest are obtain'd;
That sceptre is of richer light,
That crown more pure, those robes more bright,
Than ever met ELIZA's sight;
For 'tis the sceptre of the blest,
That by thy hand at length is press'd;
The robes thou wear'st are robes of light,
By the Redeemer's blood wash'd white;

And 'tis the crown which seraphs wear,
That now thy hallow'd temples bear;—
Oh thou, so noble here below,
Soul of the just made perfect now,
Thou blessed spirit, may it be,
That I shall share *that crown* with thee!

* * * *

Tyrant, complete thy work! I see
Victim on victim wait for thee;
To fate's dark verge, at thy behest,
I see desponding anguish press'd;
And coward guilt and pallid fear
Shall take their stand and tremble there,
And youth shall shrink before the gloom,—
But thine shall be a direr doom!
Abhorrent of that scene more dread,
I turn to view thy dying bed:
Unhonour'd now I see thee lie;
Where is the light that fired thine eye?
Where the stern pride that mark'd thy brow?
Pass'd from its seat for ever now.
Where are the flatterers of an hour,
That wooed thy noontide beam of power?

They flee thy glory's sinking ray,
They haste to hail the rising day;
But those there are around thy head,
That will not quit thy dying bed;
Attendant on that couch of state,
Despair and guilt and horror wait;
And fell remorse her scorpion-dart,
Unslumbering, points to pierce thy heart;
And conscience, lull'd in opiate rest,
Awaken'd, tears thy panting breast;
While ever near, a vengeful band,
I see the dreadful Furies stand;
No scorpion-terrors *here* to wave,—
They point to worlds beyond the grave:
My spirit shrinks in anguish drear,—
I may not, dare not linger here.
—
Led by the light of prophecy,
To other scenes I turn my eye;
I see an hour that first must come—
The solemn hour of MARY's doom;
I see them all—the dark array,
The weeping crowds that line my way;
I see the ministers of fate,
Remorseless for my coming wait;

High raised appears the fatal spot—
Why, oh my nature, shrink'st thou not?
Above that scene of storm and gloom,
There shines a land beyond the tomb;
How shall I view that glory bright,
And linger on a world of night?
The veil was torn that dimm'd my eye,
When Norvell's spirit soar'd on high;
To Him who is the orphan's shield,
My orphan boy I fearless yield:
I look, where partings shall be o'er,
For thee, my friend, to part no more;
My thoughts, my hopes, my longings there,
I've done with all that bound me here;
May He, the orphan's, widow's friend—
To all my foes his love extend,
Their hearts to change, their lives to mend,—
To lead them on to endless rest,
To be, with all the blessed, blest.

The crowns, which I on earth have worn,
Were, like my Saviour's, crowns of thorn;
They pass'd—I saw their glittering train,
I saw them empty, fruitful, vain.

With heart now wean'd from earthly tie,
On wings of faith to heaven I fly;
Till meeting there again thy view,
Dear, cherish'd changeless friend,—adieu!

NOTE TO LETTER XVI.

The occurrences preceding the death of the Duke of Norfolk, afford a striking instance of the mutability of human affairs, and abound with impressive lessons on the vanity and uncertainty of worldly pursuits. Who could have foreseen, nay who would have believed, when the Duke of Norfolk was a visitor to his early, and then sincere, friend the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Sheffield Manor, that the strange events which so soon followed could possibly have taken place.

The Duke of Norfolk was one of the most gallant, the most accomplished, and, perhaps, the most *loyal* noblemen, that England then possessed: and yet he was in a little time afterwards brought to the block, and suffered death on a charge of high treason. The Earl of Shrewsbury was one of the most dignified and high-spirited noblemen in the kingdom, and yet he was fixed in a remote obscure district, during ten of what are usually considered the best years of a man's life, as the gaoler and spy of a tyrant, to watch, attend upon, and give information respecting the words and actions of a helpless young woman, most foully calumniated, most unjustly detained, and most cruelly used; at the same time he was miserable and degraded at home, being hen-pecked by his wife, and opposed and thwarted by his children. The highly-esteemed and dearly-cherished noble guest was banished for ever from the hospitable dome, where his presence had always been considered as an honour and a blessing. The Earl of Shrewsbury had then a numerous family of sons, and yet, within two short generations, there was not a male heir to inherit the estate. Within little more than forty years after the Duke of Norfolk was driven from the mansion and estate of the Earl of Shrewsbury, did that mansion and that estate become the property of the grandson of that very Duke. That high-spirited, noble-mind-

ed Earl of Shrewsbury, who would have risked his life to have preserved that of his friend, was compelled by a tyrannical sovereign to banish that friend from his home, to become in some measure his accuser, to sit in judgement on him, and at last unjustly to sentence him to death on a charge of high treason to his sovereign. Well might he weep when he condemned him. There could be no comparison between the sufferings of the prisoner and those of the judge. A stronger contrast can, I think, scarcely be imagined, than must have existed between the feelings, and perhaps the deportment of the two friends on that awfully trying occasion. I scarcely know of any portion of English history more abounding with interesting occurrences than the one here treated of. Should the important instruction which it is calculated to convey, be duly appreciated, and fully improved by the readers of this work, neither their time, their labour, nor their expense will have been bestowed upon it in vain. God grant that the facts related, and the principles here sought to be inculcated, may tend to produce the fruits of holiness and Christian charity among both writers and readers!

THE END.

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